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THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS is one of the strangest menageries of great-grandsons of distinguished public servants, modern beer millionaires, friends of Mr. Lloyd George or of Mr. Asquith or of Mr. Baldwin, warranted-genuine descendants of the Norman freebooters, newspaper publishers, selected admirals and generals, bishops and archbishops which was ever gathered together under one roof. The English, who have strange tastes, rather like it; it is to them one of those precious symbols, like a Chinese ancestor's grave, or the American Constitution, about which people wax eloquent but which they seldom squarely face. In 1911, when the dear old thing had threatened to be a bit obstreperous, a bold Liberal government clipped the wings of its power—took away its veto power over appropriation bills and gave the Commons authority, by affirmative action at three successive sessions, to pass any bill over the peers' veto. The consent of the Lords to this shearing was obtained by the threat of having the King—another precious symbol—create a thousand new Peers, guaranteed to vote for their own destruction. Since then there has been intermittent talk of further "reform." And now Mr. Baldwin has brought forth the Tory program of "reform." Some of the efficiency gentlemen in his Cabinet obviously prepared it for him. It would reduce the Lords to manageable size, and provides for election of the bulk of the House by the hereditary peers themselves. This, it will be noted, would prevent any repetition of the Liberal threat of 1911, and assure an eternal Tory majority. Which, doubtless, is what Mr. Baldwin's friends want. But don't they know that symbols are valuable only when dust-covered, and that by polishing up the House of Lords and making it modern and efficient they risk its total destruction?

THERE SEEMS TO BE nothing to do about women except to tolerate them. No effort to bar them ever lasts. Oxford University's decision to establish a female quota of one in four is no more likely to stand the test of time than the earlier efforts to keep them out altogether. It is only seven years since women were first allowed to take the Oxford examinations; and it may be less before they take another trench. As Principal Margery Fry suggests, the real opposition to them is in itself a confession of defeat. "Women are such beastly grinds," one Oxford undergraduate is reported as saying, "that the standards of examination are going up." It may even happen that the influx of women will change the emphasis of Oxford to such a revolutionary degree that the cables will carry other Oxford news than that of undergraduate styles in trousers.

ENGLAND'S TRADE-UNIONS BILL, following the time-schedule set by the Government, has passed its third reading in the House of Commons. The present amended form of the bill is essentially the same as the original draft. A few phrases have been added and one or two deleted, but the underlying principle remains: the bill strikes squarely at the trade unions. The most palpable hit is scored by clause one, which, in its amended interpretation, prohibits not only general strikes but also sympathetic strikes of any importance. The London *Nation* makes this clear in these words:

> The legality or illegality of a sympathetic strike, in the opinion of Sir Douglas Hogg, depends upon its effects. If it inflicts such hardship as to coerce the Government it will be illegal under this bill. If it does not, it will be legal.

The key word, "hardship," is not defined. By such ambiguity this first clause paralyzes the very spirit of the trade-union movement, based on working-class solidarity. A second decisive blow is administered by clause three and its amendments. Here the conduct of a picket is so severely circumscribed that even the "legal" strikes must be conducted along innocuously polite lines. If a picket causes "in the mind of a person a reasonable apprehension of injury" ("and the expression 'injury' includes injury other than physical or material") he is liable to arrest. Thus blacklegs are protected from such inopportune smiles or untoward smirks as might appear on a careless picket's physiognomy. We have selected only two points from the bill, but there are many similar ambiguous and anomalous phrases. It is throughout a piece of bitter class legislation, oppressive where it is definite and still more dangerous where it is not. Complete repeal of the bill, which the Labor Party promises at its first opportunity, seems the only proper treatment for such a Die-hard delusion.

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THE FIRST WEEK of the naval disarmament conference at Geneva resulted merely in the laying of the Japanese, American, and British cards on the table. As we go to press, the outlook is for a deadlock. An enormous number of words has been cabled across the ocean denouncing, denying, explaining, declaring, contradicting, retracting, and if the average reader has any clear idea of what is taking place he is a smarter man than the editors of *The Nation*. We cannot, however, see anything diabolical or underhand in the British proposals nor behold in them any effort to trick us into a grave naval inferiority. But we should not care if that turned out to be the case. The United States has always been in a state of naval inferiority to Great Britain and has remained free and, usually, happy. We are not interested in balancing navies. We want to see them heavily reduced as a step toward completely doing away with them. The whole institution is a curse to all concerned, an endless economic waste of national resources, a powerful incentive to wars. So, for the moment, we are compelled to get what satisfaction we can out of the coming of Ambassador Herrick with a "Locarno pact" with France in his pocket, and the reports that, as a result of the naval conference, England and Japan are quite ready to sign similar agreements with us for one hundred years of peace. That would be a long step forward and would help to demonstrate the futility of keeping up large navies.

IN THE HEARINGS being held in New York into the relations of the city and the two great companies the Interborough and the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit, which control the transportation situation in New York, Samuel Untermyer's masterly cross-examination has brought out some extremely interesting facts. For instance, the Interborough has paid since 1919 $212,954.19 to Ivy Lee for acting as publicity agent—a sum charged to operating expenses, which eventually comes out of the taxpayers under the city's contract with the company. Moreover, a part of this sum was paid from 1919 to 1922 for the company's propaganda efforts to obtain a higher than the five-cent fare. Finding the public wholly opposed, Mr. Lee finally advised a discontinuance of this campaign. Again, it has appeared that the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Company has bought 19,650 shares of its rival company's stock; and that Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the B.-M. T. and also chairman of the board of directors of the Chase National Bank, and T. L. Chadbourne and G. M. Dahl, also of the B.-M. T., have respectively purchased 3,600, 9,800, and 6,600 shares of the Interborough which have not paid a dividend in eight years and cannot for twenty years unless there is an increase in fares. Mr. Wiggin freely stated that he and his two associates were gambling on this fare increase to make fortunes—at the public's expense. It is not surprising that Mayor Walker and the other municipal authorities are now reported ready to have the city go ahead and take over the whole traction system. It should, of course, have done so years ago.

SINCE THE APPEARANCE in our last issue of the editor's article on Lindbergh and the Army and Navy we have been informed that a complete censorship of all dispatches was established on the Memphis, which brought Lindbergh back from Europe, by Commander Bagley, chief of staff of Vice-Admiral Burrage, whose flagship the Memphis is. No dispatch about Lindbergh was passed without Commander Bagley's editing it. Even bulletins bore his initials. The flier was not consulted about the changes; the navy simply assumed the right to decide what the American people should or should not know about the hero of the hour, and the press associations, with their usual cowardice in dealing with governmental agencies, failed to protest at the first official censorship established since the war. As William Hillman, who made the voyage on the Memphis, says in the *Editor and Publisher:*

> The naval censorship was but a continuation of that strange isolation of Lindbergh from the world which began when Ambassador Herrick took Lindbergh in charge in Paris and, standing by his side at the press conference, nodded approval or shook his head as Lindbergh answered questions put by newspapermen.

Naturally Charles Lindbergh, young and inexperienced as he was, fell a victim. According to a New York *Times* dispatch, Ambassador Houghton labored the best part of a night to persuade him to give up his plan to fly back via Asia and the Pacific in order that Mr. Coolidge could officially receive him and not delay his vacation by a single day. Lindbergh finally asked: "Then you order me back across the Atlantic?" To which, according to the correspondent, Ambassador Houghton replied that it was not an order but "the wish of Washington." So the son of a Congressman who opposed our entering the World War was victimized and exploited for the political aggrandizement of the President and the ballyhoo ends of the army and the navy.

LEONARD WOOD has returned from the Philippines, physically a broken man, to fight for the privilege of carrying on as Governor General of the islands. There is something superb in his determination to continue, however one may disagree with the general's policies. Politics still beckoned to him seven years ago, when he returned to the East; undoubtedly he hoped, by a demonstration of administrative competence, to maneuver himself into the strategic position for the 1924 elections. But Calvin Coolidge inherited a position he had done nothing to earn; and General Wood struggled on with a growingly difficult task in the Oriental tropics. Today he has no political hopes left and little physical strength; but he wants to finish his job, and he stands in the shadow of defeat. A quarter century ago Wood might have ranked as one of the world's great colonial governors; today, in an Asia which also includes Gandhi's India and Nationalist China, any white general wielding supreme authority is an anachronism. Even so, Leonard Wood may be a more useful public servant than the Ohio politician who seems slated to replace him. For Carmi Thompson is a fixer; he would be glad to exchange an appearance of greater political independence for the reality of more American control of the rich rubber lands of the South Philippine Islands; and Governor Wood, however untactful he and his cavalry cabinet may be with Filipino politicians, is more interested in administration than in exploitation.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE told the simple truth when he declared that Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol's eight years' service as High Commissioner to Turkey "has been notable in the annals of American diplomacy." For these years Rear Admiral Bristol has been ambassador in all but

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name, but his failure to be a regularly assigned plenipotentiary has made it impossible for him to deal directly with the head of the nation within whose border he was representing the United States. This in itself created a delicate situation; when one adds that the Admiral was sent to Turkey almost immediately after the close of the war, recalls that we still have no treaty with Turkey, and remembers the dramatic and difficult events that followed upon the Turkish Revolution, it will be seen that his was a task calling for a superman. This the Admiral has really been among diplomats; he demonstrates the correctness of Mr. Dawes's assertion, which we discuss in another column, that the President should have the right to pick any particularly competent man for any given diplomatic position. No word of criticism—only admiration for his achievements—has come to our ears. Now he goes to the Asiatic Fleet, as commander-in-chief, and we believe that it is a most excellent omen for our future relations with China. For Admiral Bristol has an extraordinary ability to understand and to sympathize with the national aspirations of any people to which he may be sent. No repetition of the Nanking incident is likely to take place under his command of the Asiatic Fleet. We have only one regret: that he is not to be minister in Peking, as well as the commanding admiral in China.

WITH A GREAT HULLABALOO the North China war chiefs who were allied with each other have become re-allied, and Chang Tso-lin, who has the best army, has acquired a new title which is said to be a hybrid between President, Generalissimo, and Chief Executive. The military and political situation, however, remains unchanged. The winds of Nationalism still blow strong, and they disturb the peace of Chang's lieutenants, who are earnestly determined to be on the winning side. If the Nationalists were not as humanly divided among themselves they could topple Chang and win Peking at a stroke; but the mysterious process of negotiation continues. Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," has met his moderate Nationalist rival, Chiang Kai-shek, and has issued a magnificently confusing pronunciamento. He says that the Communists within the Kuomintang must accept party discipline, but implies that they remain; he urges Borodin, the Russian civilian adviser of the Hankow Government, to return to Russia but implies that General Gallen and the other military advisers may continue. On this basis the three Nationalist groups may be able to cooperate. Chinese armies have an extraordinary and civilized capacity for sitting still while public opinion wins bloodless battles for them.

"THE PRESENT ECONOMIC REVOLUTION in the United States," a Harvard professor titled his book two years ago, and for data he relied in large part upon the invasion of Wall Street's functions by the labor banks. *The Nation,* too, expressed a generous optimism. Union after union founded banks; labor was to control its own capital; within the shell of the old society a new was rising. Grandfather of them all was the noble chain of labor banks established by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The brotherhood bought into control of a New York trust company; it owned coal mines; it was developing a seaside city in Florida. Utopia seemed at hand. And now—officers of the brotherhood have been negotiating with Thomas E. Mitten, famous for his street railways and taxicab companies (where "outside unions" are not permitted), to take over its banks and relieve it of its seaside city. The rank and file of the union was openly hostile, and Mr. Mitten withdrew his offer. But the fact remains that the most expansive of the unions is attempting to withdraw from business; the hope of invading Wall Street has faded. A score or more of lesser union banks continue to do a normal commercial business; some, like the Amalgamated Bank of New York, which has almost a monopoly of certain lines of Russian-American business, and others which have a strong political position, prosper. But the bright bubble has burst. Professor Carver will have to put on his spectacles again and hunt for other proof of the new American revolution.

THE SINGING ROTARIANS who startled Windsor Castle last week by gathering around Queen Victoria's statue and rendering "We are strong for Toledo," could not, of course, see anything amiss in their actions. "Singing is our 100 per cent hobby," explained their leader; they sang in Paris streets until they stopped the traffic, they grew melodious in restaurants and other public places. If this causes a shudder to travel down the spine of any reader, let him stop and consider. The untutored savage shuns the limelight, slinks through the jungle under cover, avoids bright lights, large groups of persons (particularly strange ones), the inquiring eye of the camera, and the voice of the explorer. He is afraid of so many things; there is so much he does not know. The simple Rotarian suffers from no such handicaps. He has had an education; and, being an honest, God-fearing, upstanding citizen of the community, he can not only look every man in the eye—he can also shout in his ear. Nor do blushes rise to his cheek when his shouts bring an audience. His motto is Be Hearty, and hearty he is, whether he stands under the shadow of the pyramids or by the tomb of kings or in the wildernesses of winding Paris streets. He is a stranger to reverence and to awe—or perhaps psychologists would twist his brashness to mean that he is really scared to death and that his mighty voice alone bears up his trembling knees.

IF YOU WANT A SUMMARY of the literature of the oxidation of paraffins, or a bibliography (488 items) of the applications to bacteriology of the determination of hydrogen in concentration, go not to the *Chemical Journal* or anything like that but to the *Vassar Journal of Undergraduate Studies,* the second volume of which extremely learned work has just come under our eye. You will also find there a comparison of Lucretius's theory of the atom with the modern theory of Rutherford, Millikan, and Bohr; a study of the Legal Obligations Subsisting Between China and Great Britain; essays dealing with "aspects of" or "moot questions in the criticisms of" Hardy, Wordsworth, Ruskin, and Francesco Redi; and an article on Conditions Underlying the Spread of Religions. In the last-named you will find the conclusion arrived at that "the methods of obtaining conversion to a religion are the same as those of the commercial advertiser"—a touch which somewhat relieves the whole *Journal* of the solemnity which lies elsewhere upon it. We wish we could say that this solemnity is per se an undergraduate thing; unfortunately our Vassar authors have copied their elders, the writers of articles for the incredible learned journals of professorial America, very well. Their accomplishment is indeed impressive, and we suppose without parallel. But it is a bit depressing.

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America and Asia Outstrip Europe

THE sun is 93,000,000 miles away, and a fair-sized body; but Betelgeux in Orion is 30,000,000 times as big as the sun, and although light travels at the rate of 11,000,000 miles a minute it takes light 190 years to get from Betelgeux to this miserable little earth. So, at least, the astronomers assure us; but the economists are beginning to plague us with figures almost as huge and as incomprehensible.

Max Winkler, former head of the foreign bond department of Moody's Investors' Service, has compiled for the Information Service of the Foreign Policy Association a set of tables and figures regarding American loans to foreign countries. One of the greatest economic revolutions of history—that of the United States in the last decade and a half—is mirrored in his figures; but the sums are so vast and their present and potential significance so enormous that it seems almost easier to let one's mind play with the light rays dancing earthward from Betelgeux.

In 1914 the United States was still a field for foreign investment. Foreign countries had some five billion dollars of their surplus capital invested in this country; and American investments abroad were only about half that sum. Then came the war, and a process for which we had been ripe was enormously accelerated. In the three years 1915-1917, according to Dr. Winkler's reckonings, foreign capital flotations in the United States totaled $3,316,362,000—more than the total amount which we had invested abroad in all the previous years and decades of our national history. The scales turned. In the next three years, 1918-1920, we were so deeply engaged in our own war industries that we lent a mere bagatelle of $1,717,555,300; but in 1921-1923 we had $2,039,451,764 spare cash to invest abroad; and in 1924-1926 our foreign investments reached the staggering total of $5,687,113,411.

In these last three years we have put a billion dollars into Germany—in loans to cities, states, banks, churches, tramways, automobile companies, housing corporations, steel mills, electric companies, dye works, cigarette companies, harvester companies, water-power, film companies—everything. There is hardly a country in the League of Nations which has not borrowed money in Wall Street in this period. Argentina, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Bulgaria, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Finland, Germany, Greece, Honduras, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Jugoslavia, Liberia, Mexico, Norway, Panama, Peru, Poland, Salvador, directly or through their states and municipalities, came to America for money in 1926 alone, and got it—and one might add another dozen countries to the list by going back to 1924 and 1925. And these are governments alone. Dr. Winkler's lists of American investments also include oil corporations in Cuba, Mexico, Canada, Venezuela, Peru, British Guiana, Persia, and Trinidad; Norwegian aluminum, Russian gold mines, French perfume and silk, Finnish cooperatives, automobile factories in a dozen countries and railways everywhere, Italian shipping, Belgian and Spanish telephones, Brazilian coffee and African rubber plantations, Caribbean sugar fields, Central American fruit, Caucasian manganese, Ural platinum—a little of everything and a great deal of some.

Along with this, of course, has gone an enormous increase in our foreign trade—and a significant change in its nature and direction. In the years before the war almost two-thirds of our exports went to Europe; in 1926 less than half. Before the war almost exactly one-half of our imports came from Europe; in 1926 less than a third. In dollar values, to be sure, we sell to Europe more than twice as much as we sold her before the war, and we also buy two and one-half times as much; but Europe's relative importance has declined for us—as for the rest of the earth. Asia and Latin America as well as the United States are coming up in the world, while the old continent of Europe is losing its primacy. From Asia we actually imported in 1925 and 1926 a few hundred million dollars' worth of goods more than we imported from Europe—a fact of unrealized historic significance. Silk and rubber—women's clothes and automobile tires—have made Asia a greater department store for us than all the countries of tired Europe. And Latin America, if present trends continue, will soon put Europe into third place.

Before the war Great Britain and Germany met us on fairly equal terms in the South. In 1913 the Latin-American republics purchased goods valued at $323,832,000 from the United States, at $270,223,000 from the United Kingdom, at $185,197,000 from Germany. In 1926 the corresponding figures were $836,592,000, $295,965,000, and $189,965,000. We have outdistanced our competitors—both as exporters and importers we dominate Latin-American trade. Nearly 40 per cent of all Latin America's exports come to the United States; indeed, Mexico, the West Indies, and the Central American countries send us nearly 70 per cent of all that they ship abroad. What this economic dominance will come to mean in political terms can only be guessed. And while our proportion of Asiatic trade is still relatively slight, it is significant that silk and silk goods account for almost half of Japan's total exports, and that the United States takes over 60 per cent of the world's silk, and a still larger proportion of Japan's.

One of the documents issued by the recent International Economic Conference at Geneva gave in dull statistical terms a number of flashes upon our new world. For instance, Japan and the United States between them are consuming today nearly two million more bales of cotton each year than they did before the war; and Europe nearly two million bales less. Lancashire's cotton mills will never again hum with the old activity; during the war Japan and India learned to weave their own cotton instead of sending it raw on the long journey to England and having it reshipped as cloth. China will learn, too, in time, and then Japan's mills will drowse. The world is learning the primary economic lesson: to produce near the sources of raw materials. That explains much of the present prosperity of the United States, the new significance of Asia, and the depression of Europe. Europe will never again be the world's factory as she was before 1914. These Geneva figures tell a tale of her decline:

PERCENTAGE OF WORLD PRODUCTION

	Europe		North America		Asia	
	1913	1925	1913	1925	1913	1925
Pig iron.....	58	47	41	49	1	3
Steel	56	46	43	52	0.5	2
Coal	51	47	43	44	4.5	6.6
Cotton yarns..	53	41	26	27	20	27

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The economic basis of Europe's political empire is plainly crumbling and decayed, and the political house has begun to tumble on top of it. What America's new economic empire will mean we do not yet know, or how dangerous proportions it will reach before other continents follow our lead in asserting both political and economic independence.

Career Diplomats—and Others

WITH the diplomatic service it has been out of the frying-pan into the fire. For years civil-service reformers, nonpartisan journals like *The Nation*, and students of our foreign policy urged the creation of a permanent diplomatic and consular service to put an end to the sale of offices, from ambassador down, and the appointment of grossly unfit politicians to positions abroad in which they misrepresented and often disgraced the United States. Finally, the reform was achieved—only two years ago; the career diplomat arrived by act of Congress; and behold, there is already growing dissatisfaction with the professionalizing of the service. Within its ranks there is a bitter feud between the careerists and those who have been directly appointed. Whenever a vacancy occurs now in an important post, as in Mexico or in Argentina, the State Department seethes with the effort of the permanent staff to induce the President to appoint a career official to the vacancy.

Their arguments are not unimpressive; if there are to be promotions all along the line there must be top places for those to fill who have risen from the bottom. But experience shows the career diplomat too often dull and routinized, or tradition-bound and limited in vision, as witness our minister to China, Mr. MacMurray, who, for all his technical equipment, has been a sad misfit. He has been repeatedly overruled by Washington—if we may trust the daily press—but, being a permanent official, he does not resign. By contrast, there is Ambassador Sheffield, who has just returned from his post in Mexico City; the gossips have it that he has done so because he has not been in accord with the State Department. We have disagreed emphatically with Mr. Sheffield's views; but we like his manliness in resigning rather than cooperating in what he believes bad policy. If the diplomatic service were entirely officialized a situation might grow up in which some future President would be unable to appoint a minister adaptable to his purposes or sufficiently in sympathy with his policies to carry on with the necessary enthusiasm. It is obvious, therefore, that some strategic places should be kept free for the President to bestow. It is an open secret that Mr. Wilson would have been happy, indeed, if he could have filled the embassies in Vienna, Berlin, and London with new men early in 1915. Gerard, Page, and Penfield were picked in 1912—two for their campaign contributions—without, of course, Mr. Wilson or anybody else having the faintest prevision how important these positions would become. When the emergency came Mr. Wilson could not bring himself to ask for resignations abroad or, for that matter, at home. When he had appointed a man he stuck to him rather than admit an error. As Vice-President Dawes has just put it, the war "demonstrated the incalculable damage which may be done at critical times by small men in high places."

In his address to the graduating class at Washington University on June 7, from which we take the above quotation, Mr. Dawes also declared that "war lessons should make us distrustful of too great extension of the policy on the part of any government of educating and using career men for diplomacy." They may do well in peace time, he said, but their psychology "is often fatal to diplomatic competency in important emergencies." He is afraid that the right of promotion by seniority, which ruins, he thinks, the effectiveness of an army in peace time, will have "its dire result on the future of American diplomacy." To the career man, he explains, diplomatic convention often seems of supreme importance. So in China, he might have added, it seems as if convention, an inclination to act with the other ambassadors, and a total failure to understand the new psychology of Chinese Nationalism have controlled the acts of our ambassador.

It is so rarely that we find ourselves in hearty accord with the Vice-President that we cannot forbear from quoting this passage from his address:

> This is a time when our diplomatic negotiations must be carried on with courage, forbearance, and patience, with sympathy for the suffering, without arrogance resulting from the thought of our national wealth and power, and with a humility of mind which shrinks from the quick preconception of solutions prior to thorough familiarity with the facts with which solutions must deal. Our diplomatic representatives should be strong enough, no matter how embarrassing the circumstances, to stand firmly for American rights and against their infraction. But again they should be strong enough to urge upon those at home a policy consistent with these rights which is also just to other countries.

Of course the classic example is the appointment of James Bryce to the ambassadorship in Washington. No career diplomat from the Court of St. James's could possibly have approached the usefulness and the completeness of Mr. Bryce in this country. He was a specialist in America; a citizen of our world as of the European. His understanding was beyond cavil, whereas the career diplomat who may have served in a dozen countries before reaching high rank remains a specialist in none of them and is usually too wrapped up in procedure and convention to be able to understand the psychology, the history, and the peculiar problems of, let us say, the Balkan peoples or the Latin Americans. We are one with General Dawes in dreading the giving over of the diplomatic service to career men.

Bold Adultery and Wilful Murder

IN a recent number of the magazine *Books* Mr. William McFee writes an amusing letter and raises again a perennial question. In a previous issue of the same magazine Mr. Hugh Walpole had had occasion to discriminate between those contemporary novels which are "important" and those which are not, and Mr. McFee was aware of certain elements which appeared to have had an unconscious influence upon the choice which was made. Accordingly he arose to protest, though he is anxious that the nature of the protest should not be misunderstood. He is not, he says, arguing that Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright are "important." Neither is he wishing to convey the impression that his own impulses or actions are purer than most. But

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in downright, sailor-like language he rises to ask a question. "Why is it," he demands, "that 'important' novels always treat of some fresh variation of adultery, 'moral revolt,' or other sex upheavals?"

Why indeed? The question is not an easy one to answer even if one happens to feel that Mr. McFee's case is not quite as strong as it seems. It is simpler to fall back upon history and suggest that at least he is wrong in the implied assumption that he has caught the moderns in a depravity peculiar to them alone; for the fact is that the "important" novels of every age have exhibited a similar preoccupation with adultery. It is in Fielding and Smollett, Thackeray and George Eliot; even the domestic Richardson concerned himself with a seduction that did not come off instead of one that did; and if the French are not to be dismissed as too notoriously evil-minded to be admitted into the argument, one may well ask where Balzac and Stendhal and Flaubert would be if the marriage vow were inviolate in fiction. Indeed one might leave the novel aside and, without indulging too much exaggeration, assert that almost all great literature has been about adultery. Without it Homer would have lacked a theme, the story of King Arthur and his Knights would have been deprived of its catastrophe, and the other of the three greatest stories in the world—the story of Tristram—could not have existed at all. We are not, it is true, told anything about the sex life of Beowulf, and the Song of Roland has no bedroom scenes, but these are exceptions drawn from barbarous ages and adultery and civilization go hand in hand. Nor is Mr. McFee's protest by any means new. It has arisen to embarrass the humanist since time immemorial, and the downrightness of Mr. McFee's manner calls directly to mind the challenge of Roger Ascham, who, in the sixteenth century, denounced the "Morte D'Arthur" as no more than "bold adultery and wilful murder.

As to the reason for this lamentable state of affairs the cynic might argue that people always enjoy in fiction an account of those exploits which they do not themselves dare to perform, and that adultery is popular in novels because it is hedged about with unpleasant consequences in life. But there is another explanation which does not involve as a corollary the assumption that the major part of the population has adulterous itchings. If we are willing to grant that love is the most interesting of all subjects, then it will follow that of all the varieties of love the most interesting sort is that which is illegitimate in one way or another. In the first place, the annals of the virtuous, like the annals of the happy, are brief. And in the second place, love is most intense when it meets an impediment. It must be great to sweep over barriers which society has set up, and as it pauses before them it gathers strength and volume like a stream that has been dammed. Illegitimate love is, moreover, the kind which produces the greatest upheaval in the lives of those affected by it, and if adulterous attachments have been most treated by novelists it is chiefly because they are the sort which produce the greatest consequences.

If many modern "sex" novels are dull it is not because they deal with infractions of the marital vow but because in the society which they treat that infraction is represented as one which has ceased to be serious and which does not either constitute a very imposing barrier or entail very far-reaching consequences. What these modern novelists need is a new sin—something which will give their characters pause and involve them in really formidable difficulties.

Some Students Write Well

WE have been reading here and there in the undergraduate press of the country, and we have come to the conclusion that American students today are outrageously defamed. The current notion is that the rah-rah boy of twenty years ago has been succeeded by a creature with smooth hair who, to be sure, is crude no longer but who could actually afford to take on a little crudeness—could venture, for instance, to develop an enthusiastic interest in the affairs of the world. The current notion of the undergraduate is that he has brains but is too bored to use them. Having scanned the editorial pages of the Coe College *Cosmos*, the Yale *News*, the Duke University *Chronicle*, the University of Georgia *Red and Black*, the Rice Institute *Thresher*, and other student papers, we demur.

"Nourished on a steady diet of platitudes," the Coe College *Cosmos* assures it readers, "the student is fortunate if he possesses any mind at all." It is much to have recognized that most of what one hears, in college or out, is meaningless. The editors of the *Cosmos* have gone further than this, however; they have informed themselves, and they have thought about things until these things had meaning. They have taken the trouble to find out what is really going on in China. They have asked why Mr. Coolidge should send marines to Nicaragua, in the interest of order, and should not send them to Chicago. And they write:

> Let us have done with this chatter about making war more pleasant, more humane. Let no effort be spared to make it as deadly and ghastly as possible.

Doubtless many college papers still fill all their space with nice nothings about local crises in social and athletic relations. But it is refreshing to see a number of dailies spreading over their front pages intelligent news articles about American foreign relations, the censorship of books, race prejudice, preparedness, the politics of Chicago, and recent developments in the world of science and of art. The Yale *News*, among all of the papers we have examined, goes farthest in the direction of grown-up journalism. Some of its contemporaries have as intelligent and critical an editorial page, but only a few can rival it for volume of significant news. And its editorials, which happen to be of a distinctly liberal cast, often have to be answered from off the campus. One of its pronouncements on the Allied debt, for example, drew letters on the same day from Secretary Mellon and the *Wall Street Journal*.

An instructor in Rice Institute, Texas, walked into class the other day, wrote on the board the three words "Sacco and Vanzetti," and asked his students what they meant. After one or two highly incorrect definitions had been supplied the instructor compromised with the information that: "It's the name of a Spanish dish that is somewhat similar to spaghetti. Literally, Sacco means cheese and Vanzetti crackers. Haven't any of you ever eaten or heard of it?" Two girls, reports the *Thresher*, remembered having seen the thing on menus, and one boy shyly admitted having tasted it. Not one member of the class had heard of the two Massachusetts men whose names have been going round the world for seven years. The *Thresher* viewed the affair partly with derision and partly with alarm; and rightly, though the thing might have happened in dozens of other colleges. Where college journalism can offset ignorance like this it renders a vast service.

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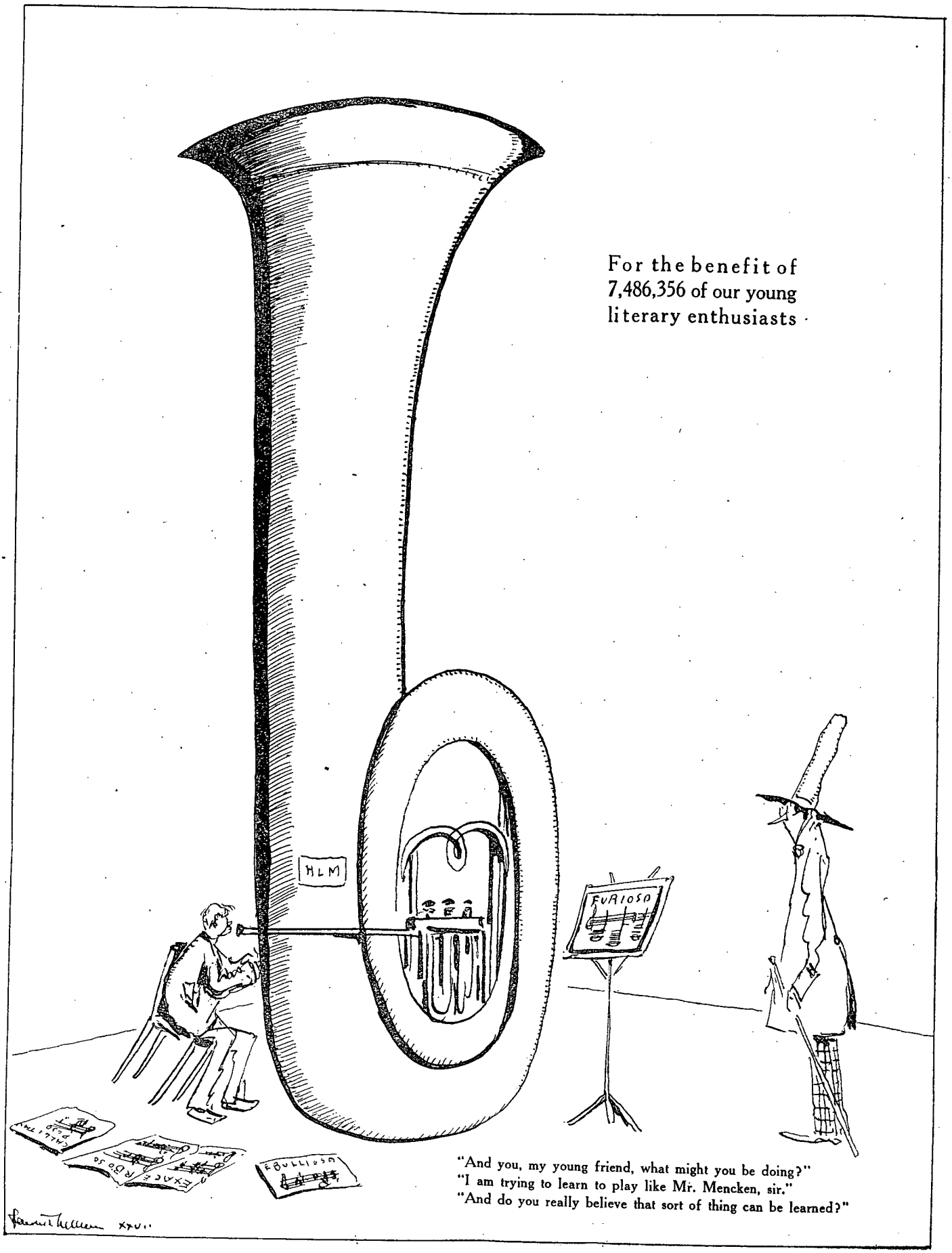
For the benefit of
7,486,356 of our young
literary enthusiasts
HLM
FURIOSO
FBULLIOSA
"And you, my young friend, what might you be doing?"
"I am trying to learn to play like Mr. Mencken, sir."
"And do you really believe that sort of thing can be learned?"

Blow Your Own Horn!

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Explaining Women

[*Three well-known psychologists here analyze the anonymous articles by distinguished modern women published by* The Nation *in recent months.**]

Why Feminism?

By BEATRICE M. HINKLE

THE women who pictured their early backgrounds for *The Nation* in an effort to explain their later "feminist" behavior attempted the impossible. The incidents and general conditions of the environment that one consciously remembers, the external aspect of life, are but a part, indeed the smaller part, of one's background. Silently and quite apart from the will and knowledge of the child a mysterious alchemy takes place between the inherited reaction-trends, the dominant psychological functions of the particular individual, and the environmental influences which play upon them. Out of this welter arise the marked characteristics and attitudes which become organized in the mature personality.

We know that biologically two marked reactions to the same stimulus among living beings are always possible. For instance, fear produces the familiar fight-or-flight reaction; frequently, both reactions occur in the same individual, one following the other. Different individual organisms will react differently and unpredictably to the same condition or environment. Among human beings there are many choices of reaction to a specific stimulus or environmental situation but it is safe to say that the specific attitude taken is the only one possible to the individual at the time his general direction is being formed.

The inadequacy of attempting to explain the particular destiny of an individual solely by some special type of environment is amply attested by these women's stories. The tendency they show to consider their own lives as the direct result of their external environment is natural and common to most persons. However, what they most clearly reveal in varying degrees is the particularly personal character of their opinions and attitudes.

For example, in the first story we have the statement of the writer that she, "the most timid of created beings," was nevertheless an active participant in one fight after another and a feminist of the militant type. From the account of the family background it is evident that there was an atmosphere in the home of free discussion and a liberal attitude toward women's aspirations. There were women members of the household whose attitude was apparently distinctly modern, and therefore she imbibed during her youth the special nutriment which stimulated the individualistic aspect of her personality. Her exultation over the "first brick thrown" in the militant suffrage cause was a joyous release to action through the psychological mechanism of identification with the thrower, for she was thus enabled to overcome her personal timidity through a collective action.

Even though these stories are inadequate for an analysis of the writers, due to their marked concern with family conditions and the obvious repression of any clear picture of the individual in the family, they do present conditions which inevitably play an important role in affecting the general attitude of the developing child.

The failure to present clear-cut individual personalities makes it necessary to consider these women as similar types because of their "feminist" opinions and a so-called modern attitude toward children, marriage, and jobs. Of course this is not true, for although the writers share a "modern" point of view they have no general, common attitude. For instance, the woman who has not married and who states that she regards marriage as a compromise is a very different person from the one who finds herself comfortably married with the feeling that it is good, and that neither economic dependence or independence makes much difference. Nevertheless, when attempting to consider a group of different personalities, nothing more than a collective survey can be made.

Two distinct types of family environment are described in these histories and are highly important in their influence on the children. In one group there is a distinctly feminist and free attitude on the part of the parents and close relatives. There are play of ideas, free discussion, and equality between the boys and girls in the family. The children were surrounded by this atmosphere from birth, and accordingly their intellectual espousal of the feminist cause was a natural development, an acceptance of the family attitude, and not something born out of personal revolt.

Such a case is the one described as Mother-Worship. Here the girl had a constant example before her in the harmonious attitude of both parents toward sex equality and in their freedom from ordinary conventions, besides the actual experience of the mother's unusual life activities. To be sure this same condition might have produced an opposite reaction in another type of child, but not where so strong an admiration and love for the mother existed, coupled with mother-identification. There is no evidence that this woman's modern attitude was born of revolt or included a protest at all. It was a natural, an easy (perhaps too easy, as she herself comments), acceptance of the general family attitude and thought. The same can be said of the writers of the stories, Staying Free and Lightning Speed Through Life. Their efforts in the world cannot be said to be of a different nature than those of any man who wishes to achieve the fulfilment of his ideas, and struggles to carry on his activities on that basis. In other words, the feminism of these women was not born out of a sense of injustice and bitterness, but developed as a natural growth from their own personality in contact with the special family environment. On the other hand, this same environment might well be conceived to be the cause of a violent revolt when the young women went into the world and found themselves hampered by the existing inequalities and traditional attitudes toward women.

Quite different is the second group. Here there are family conditions in which grinding poverty, conservative ideas, heavily burdened, unhappy mothers, and a serious responsible childhood prevail. The opinions and attitudes of these women are largely conditioned by revolt against the trying circumstances which they experienced. A fight reaction manifested itself in their protests against and overthrow of the conditions prevailing in their families.

* *Back numbers may be had at 15 cents, or $1.25 for a set of fourteen. Articles on women will run alternate weeks during the summer.*

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Like the first group, they were undoubtedly aided by the lessening of the social restriction of women still strong during the early life of their mothers.

All this represents one half of the problem. The other half is the type of the individual upon whom these influences fell. For we know that the same family conditions need not produce the same effect upon another type of child, and in these very families there are probably sisters who did not react as these writers did. The problem narrows down to this: What is the real inner cause of the revolt in the souls of these women?

Adler would probably account for their attitude by calling them victims of the masculine protest, and see their revolt as an expression of an organically determined inferiority complex which compensates itself by the espousal of the cause of women as a class, and by a refusal to accept the traditional submissive role.

The Freudian analyst would diagnose them as suffering from a castration complex and explain their revolt as an abnormal manifestation of an inner protest that they were not men; in other words, as a refusal to accept their own sex and live the love life of women. There does not appear to be much distinction between these two conceptions except as regards terminology and emphasis. Each authority postulates his thesis on the traditional conceptions of woman's psychology and position.

My own point of view is that, given their particular psychological organism with its need and capacity for change and development, together with the special family conditions and the comparatively free outer environment, their attitude is a normal protest against external collective restrictions. In the economic struggle women have been notoriously exploited and misused, and there is a definite analogy between their attitude of revolt and that of subject peoples and exploited workers of the male sex. It is significant that in not one of these cases is the feminism of the women based on principle but in each instance it was born directly from the necessities of their personal life.

The most common experience among these women is that of their later education and final goal. All but two were college-trained; all of necessity were self-supporting.

A striking revelation in these "backgrounds" is the overwhelming part played by the mother in the family and, in the majority of cases, in the lives of the daughters. It was the mother on whom many of the families depended for their economic existence and for the education of the children; it was the mother on whom the affection and respect of the daughters were focused. Even though in some of the mother-dominated families the father made an effort to assume economic responsibility, the mother continuously contributed her share to the exchequer. In the cases where the father is especially mentioned with love and preference by the daughter, the mother still remained the gallant figure in the economic life of the family. These mothers are largely of the pioneer type and they present unmistakably the basis for the external freedom and unusual position of importance possessed by women in general in this country.

Although our group of feminist women appear from their statements to have achieved some kind of fulfilment, it is obvious in spite of their concealments that they have not achieved an inner freedom, or a real solution of their personal problems. They are weak on the side of their woman's nature. Several of them are married, but children are few; and taking them as a group, the general deduction to be drawn is that the love life is meager and that little enrichment of the personalities through the love experience has been gained. Men might say that their unsatisfied sex impulses produce a vicarious activity manifesting itself in "unwomanly" feminist ideas. We can without difficulty agree that the sexual energy provides a driving power for this type of interest as it does for every form of creative activity. But no woman who has lived through such an experience will admit that bearing large families, exhausting energy in the painful economic struggle to support children, as did the mothers of these women, offers to the individual woman or to the race a more satisfactory way of life.

These modern women are engaged in a real creative effort even though it may not be realized, for behind their stridency and revolt lies the great inner meaning of woman's struggle with the forces of convention and inertia. This is nothing less than the psychological development of themselves as individuals, in contradistinction to the collective destiny that has exclusively dominated their lives.

In spite of their individual failure to achieve their full destiny—and who fulfils it to his complete satisfaction, whether man or woman?—their attitude is part of a great rolling tide which is bringing to birth a new woman. This new woman will possess an individuality which will enable her to stand by the side of man, strong and secure within herself. From her a new race will be born for whom feminism or masculine antagonism will be but an echo of a dark age long past.

The Weakness of Women

By JOHN B. WATSON

HOW much truth are the women telling in their biographies? At best biographies reveal mainly superficialities. It is curious that human beings know so little about themselves. We almost never tear ourselves apart to see how the parts work together. It is so much easier to tear other people apart. We learn from infancy to lay blame for failure upon parents, home life, associates, early economic conditions. If we win through it must be because of some innate, instinctive virtue in us that will not be downed by adversity. This all comes out in the biographies. One is struck by the failure on the part of almost all of the women to pay tribute to the very adversities of the environment. Nearly all of them actually quarreled with it—magnified its hardships. "What rot," says the behaviorist who believes that all individuals are made, not born, "the very sorrows and tribulations these women passed through were the conditioning stimuli which forced them on their way." Probably under what they would have considered a favorable environment most of them would have reached the age of fatness and forty and never been heard of—I speak freely, since I know none of the ladies.

The second thing that strikes one about these brief life histories is that the women were all restless—seeking something. What were they striving for—happiness? No, happiness apparently has gone out of fashion, it is not a present-day desideratum. We ask people today how many cars they have, whether they live in the town or the country or both, whether they play golf, tennis, or bridge, but we never ask whether they are happy or not. I doubt if

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very many children or adults today would understand what you meant if you did ask them, and I insist that happiness can be defined objectively in behavior terms, that it is a mode of behavior. These women were too modern to seek happiness; they sought what? Freedom. So many hundreds of women I have talked to have sought freedom. I have tried to find out diplomatically but behavioristically what they mean. Is it to wear trousers? Is it to vote—to hold office—to work at men's trades—to take men's jobs away from them—to get men's salaries? Does their demand for this mystical thing called freedom imply a resentment against child-bearing—a resentment against the fact that men's sex behavior is different from women's (but not so much any more)? I rarely arrive at a reasonable answer. The analysts claim that they can by psychoanalysis get at the truth about women. I make no such rash claim. I can read women only after making careful observations of their behavior over long periods of time. Then I put two and two together like any other scientist. When a woman is a militant suffragist the chances are, shall we say, a hundred to one that her sex life is not well adjusted? Marriage as such brings adjustment in only approximately 20 per cent of all cases, so poorly have men and women been taught about sex. Among the 20 per cent who find adjustment I find no militant women, I find no women shouting about their rights to some fanciful career that men—the brutes—have robbed them of. They work—they work like a man (than which nothing better can be said about work)—they often quietly achieve careers. Most of the terrible women one must meet, women with the blatant views and voices, women who have to be noticed, who shoulder one about, who can't take life quietly, belong to this large percentage of women who have never made a sex adjustment.

The biographies as a whole strikingly confirm the view that militancy passes as soon as the woman, by the trial-and-error process, finds sex adjustment. Then they cease to hunt for freedom, they lose themselves in their work. Surely the only freedom worth striving for is complete engrossment in activity, be that activity writing a play, washing infant's clothes, or losing oneself in the sway of passion.

The great weakness of women (who seek careers) is that they have never been trained to work like men. I mean trained so from infancy. Men are brought up in the tradition that men must work. They get it in their youth in gang activities and later in sports. They learn from boyhood that they must support their families and that to do so they must establish technique for work—habits of work—and that they must endure fatigue to harden their muscles; they must learn to do everything well enough to compete. They are trained in their infancy in habits of manipulation—women are not. They used to be in the fine art of needlework—only look at the samplers of the eight to twelve-year-olds. They were trained to weave and spin and cook and make their own dresses. Then the fashion changed—women had to be ladies—pretty ornaments. Their sphere was in the home. Now the picture is changing again. Mothers are beginning to train their girls in habits of manipulation. Women's customs have changed so rapidly that work traditions have never had a chance to soak in. Hence few women have achieved greatness.

I have never believed that there were any insuperable difficulties which keep women from succeeding. They have strength enough to paint, yet there has never been a great woman painter. They have strength enough to play the violin and yet there has never been a great woman violinist. They have endurance and strength enough to become great scientists and yet one can count on fewer than the fingers of one hand the women scientists who have achieved real greatness. During the past thirty years thousands of women have taken the degree of Ph.D. and yet scarcely a dozen have come to the front.

Not being trained from infancy to the tradition of incessant manipulative work they drop out of the race as soon as they get comfortable. Marriage is usually the shady spot that causes them to lie down and rest. And when they fail in that, as 80 per cent do, restlessness again sets in, but now it is too late to go back and take up the threads of the old career. Most women who had aspirations for a career have tried to eat their cake and have it too. A career is a jealous all-consuming taskmaster.

Marriage as such should be no barrier to a career. Apartment hotels, which can be found in every town where a woman could have a career, have freed married women without children almost completely. The having of children is almost an insuperable barrier to a career. The rearing of children and the running of a home for them is a profession second to none in its demands for technique.

The behavioristic moral—and we must have morals—is: Women do not like to work (neither do men). There is no natural "instinct" to work. Biologically speaking the hungry animal reaches up and pulls down a banana, reaches out and grasps his female (or vice versa); his hunger adjusted, he rests and sleeps. Work habits are the result of civilization and competition. If you want your children to have careers, be they boys or girls, teach them from infancy habits of manipulation, skilful technique, endurance. Work must become "first nature"—"second nature" is not enough. And along with it teach them (or have them taught if you are a Puritan) what to expect in the realm of sex.

Half-Confessed

By JOSEPH COLLINS

ARTICULATE confession is better for the soul than scriptural. It is likewise better for the confessor seeking illumination of sin, sanity, or sanctity. The women who have been telling through *The Nation* why and how they rebelled against some of the conventions to which they were born and reared can scarcely have had the exquisite feeling of purity and spiritual lightness that comes from frank and full confession. They have kept back a lot, and no experienced confessor like myself will give them absolution.

The writers are all revolutionists; that is, they are all feminists. There are many varieties of feminists but they all have one thing in common: enmity to privilege. Feminists want to do something in the world and to do it themselves.

Privilege has always precipitated revolutions. Privileges that man arrogated to himself precipitated feminism. Had it not been for Paul, Luther, and Loyola women would have had their rights hundreds of years ago. Now that they have them in part, and soon are to have them in full measure, it behooves women to use them properly. I can see no sign that they are seeking or getting instruction in that direction. I have no doubt many echo the sentiment of the woman who wrote in *The Nation* series:

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I feel no need for more freedom, but I want a world in which the freedom I now have can be used. The industrial and political world is in hands like mine today. Are we, while I live, going to get courage and wisdom to match our freedom? I am hopeful that we shall, but I suspect that I shall be disappointed.

The question that woman must answer is Why am I here? not Where am I at? Woman has one purpose: to help God run the world. In every respect save populating it, He would seem to be wholly beyond the need of assistance from His image. Until man began to sin, God had only one command: "Be fruitful and multiply; replenish the earth and subdue it." Woman is chiefly concerned with the first part of the command, man with the second. Incidentally, she may express herself, strive to be happy, and help make life livable for others. Those are privileges, not duties. Woman is becoming more and more loath to do her duty; man more and more eager to obey God's command. Flying over the Atlantic without stop, telephoning from London to San Francisco qualify under "subdue the earth." The woman who is willing to have ten to twenty children is almost extinct.

There are many good reasons why the majority of women should not have ten to twenty children, but there are many more and better reasons why they should have from five to ten. Women arrogate to themselves the freedom to say how many children they shall have and when they shall have them. One thing we know: the "best" stock is showing the smallest reproduction.

Propagation and its entailments may not be essential to the health of woman, but they promote it enormously, and their absence engenders mental and emotional disequilibrium. There would be small call for specialists of my sort if men and women married early and successfully. Every diagnostician has "hunches." I have a hunch that the sex-coefficient of many of these writers is low.

The women who wrote the articles under discussion have all achieved a measure of success in varied careers. Yet they say little of their duty toward the race. Most of them mention men only as they have observed them in youth, particularly in their fathers, and they maintain a deep silence about child-bearing. Nine of the group do not even mention it, still less do they imply that they have given it a thought. Two were so terrified at the idea that they decided never to procreate; one wanted children, though without marriage, and in the end had neither. One is a confirmed celibate and satisfied with it as she is with everything she has done, and one "lives in sin" and is childless. This alone is a terrifying discovery. If these women are so steeped in their desire for social freedom and economic rights that they disregard entirely their first prerogative, what will become of the race they claim to uphold? Despite the celibate's self-complacency, her life is incomplete. To pretend that she has handled the marriage problem by avoiding love in or out of marriage is fatuous.

One of the writers with a sense of humor has decided that her feminism and convictions about self-support are not powerful enough to destroy the happiness she feels at being supported by her husband. One preaches need of financial independence for women as a self-respecting basis for love and marriage (why love?) while another declares it has nothing to do with them: "It is the spirit of cooperation that counts and enables two people to make adjustments." A third has discovered that marriage is "the only profound human experience," and another consented to it after thirty-odd years of celibacy as the only way in which "one can give expression to love without interference."

I am disappointed that I find no discussion of the relation of pleasure to work. One admits that she hates work and sees no necessity for it even if it is needed to uphold feminist doctrines. To be sure, the five writers or journalists agree that they like the economic independence their work gives them, but they possess some of the sacred fire that makes for efficient work. The four teachers are engrossed with the ideal aspect of their careers, and the one social worker renounced it when she felt the discrepancy between her ideals and practise; she is the most ardent and militant feminist of the group.

Has station in life anything to do with feminism, or is it by sheer coincidence that, with one exception, these women were born to poverty? It would be interesting to have a series of articles on the same subject by women born to riches. If it would not affect their views on marriage and children, it might on feminism. The woman who, in her struggle for existence, hurts the wings of her ideals against hard walls erected by man is likely to overstress the necessity for independence of every kind.

Few of the writers, obviously, are under forty, and many of them are much older. Their efforts were made at a time when the struggle was real; now they take on the aspect of pioneer work. These women have "arrived" by their own means and their stories should be illuminating. They would have been so had the writers taken full advantage of their anonymity to reveal the soul in conflict between love and the principles and practice of feminism.

Were I seeking examples to illustrate that temperament and talent are inherited and not acquired, I could ask for no better ones than this series of articles furnishes. Nearly every one of the writers had at least one parent entitled to be called intellectual, with a desire for books and knowledge, and a determination that his or her offspring should have an education. It is interesting, too, that ten of these women had energetic, determined, dominating mothers, the kind that often shapes docile, dependent daughters and has sons with a flair for the easiest way.

On rereading these articles I fell into meditation. Which of these women should I have liked to companion?

There were two with whom I should have been willing to attempt it. One had strong, lusty desires and she wished more than anything else to have "swift feet that she might run after them." Another who interests me wrote the twelfth instalment. She seems to have neither ambition nor determination to administer the world, and she knows how to laugh and be joyous. She thinks the earth a lovely place to live and her only reason for being a feminist is dictated not by affect but by intellect. If her buoyant spirit has not made her over-affable I think she would be my first choice.

Turning to the corollary of this meditation, I wondered which of these women would be my last choice. Again it simmered down to two: The second and the fourth. The former had a childish sense of guilt. The grief and gloom of her parents was that they had brought her into the world, and she has a passionate desire to be no trouble to her husband. The fourth says that "no living person can give me the excitement I got at eight years old when my father took me on his knees and popularized the theories of Darwin for me." I should hesitate to enter as a contestant with father!

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Law and Order in Los Angeles

By RUBE BOROUGH

LAW and order suppressing "radicals" and other social disreputables is confident, belligerently verbose, forthright in action. Law and order suppressing "respectables" is stricken with qualms of "conscience," talks not so long nor so loud, and cautiously tests the ground before it moves.

Law and order in Los Angeles today faces the "respectables." Fifty-five of the city's most eminent bankers and business men have been indicted for looting the Julian Petroleum Corporation of from $12,000,000 to $18,000,000 in usurious interest charges and flooding the market with 4,250,000 worthless "overissued" shares of stock. Among the indicted are Harry M. Haldeman, president of the Better America Federation, that super-virtuous radical-baiting guardian of California's patriotism; Charles F. Stern, president of the Pacific Southwest Trust and Savings Bank, and three vice-presidents of the same bank, the chairman of whose board of directors is Henry M. Robinson, of Dawes Plan fame; Louis B. Mayer, general manager of the Goldwyn-Mayer Production Corporation; William Rhodes Hervery, a former superior-court judge.

About three years ago C. C. Julian, whose spectacular oil-stock-promotion methods had brought him into conflict with the California State corporation commissioner, was forced out of the presidency of the Julian Petroleum Company; a reorganization followed in which that company was merged with the California Eastern Oil Company. The merged concern took for its new president one S. C. Lewis, from the South, Middle West, and East, a man with a long "oil" history. Substantial business and banking interests backed Lewis.

Now Julian has been making speeches from his own radio station in which he charges that Lewis is "a big boob," that he let the "banker crowd" get him and permitted the looting of "Julian Pete." Julian has "named names" over the radio and as a result is in danger of losing his federal radio license. All of Julian's story may not be printed yet. But one may safely report the charge that H. M. Haldeman, as a member of "Pool No. 1," lent $20,000 to "Julian Pete" through its agent, A. C. Wagy and Company, a brokerage house, owned by S. C. Lewis, and that he received usurious interest in excess of $7,000. Haldeman, upon his arraignment in the local municipal court, indicated that he would try to show his transaction was not a "loan" but a stock purchase. It is the contention of the prosecution that all of the transactions by which "Julian Pete" was mulcted, whatever attempt may be made to represent them as "contracts of sale," were in essence loans with the stock involved held by the lenders as security only. It is furthermore asserted that the transactions were carried on the books of the brokerage house as "loans."

One of the money-lenders, according to the complaints, made five loans for thirty-day periods totaling $254,200, for which he received $26,920 interest; another made twenty-one loans for thirty-day periods totaling $424,800, and collected $41,180 interest; and the third made thirteen loans for thirty-day periods totaling $1,939,750, and collected $204,250 interest. California's usury law, it should be said, prohibits interest charges in excess of 1 per cent a month.

While City Prosecutor E. J. Lickley, a Progressive in local and State politics, was prosecuting the usury cases, the county grand jury was hearing testimony to fix responsibility for the "over-issue" of 4,250,000 shares of stock. The indictment, on June 26, of Lewis alone would mean little to the man on the street, or to the 40,000 shareholders of "Julian Pete" who have seen their stock with a book value of $50 drop in a few weeks from $15 to nothing. Many regard Lewis as in part a victim. As to his usurious interest payments, they believe he acted under duress of circumstances; and, as to the enormous stock over-issue, that it could not have taken place without prominent financiers having had knowledge of it. Moreover, Lewis has been talking freely both to the grand jury and the city prosecutor. Shareholders and the public want to see the big culprits punished.

While the city prosecutor and the county grand jury occupy the center of the picture, Receivers Joseph Scott and H. L. Carnahan, appointed by Federal Judge McCormick (who deprived Doheny of his Elk Hills oil lease), are trying to save Julian Petroleum from complete wreckage. Part of their strategy is to "encourage" the usury collectors to "put back" their gains into the company treasury and put them back "without strings." Less than half a million dollars of the $12,000,000 to $18,000,000 collected has so far been "put back." Some of the gentlemen offered to "put back" in return for receivers' certificates but the receivers would not agree. Haldeman, of the Better America Federation, "put back" his $7,000 but after a few days changed his mind and took it out again. "Big lawyers" had told him and others implicated that they had done no "legal or moral wrong." The city prosecutor answered with a warrant for arrest.

The receivers' job is not an easy one even if the "restitution" is made in full. The authorized stock of Julian Petroleum numbered 1,200,000 shares. The receivers have had some recent successes in bringing in new wells. But if they can build value into the full 5,250,000 shares now outstanding they will be wizards of finance. Of course, the fate of those 4,250,000 shares issued without permission from the State corporation commissioner is as yet uncertain, but auditors in the investigation have thrown up their hands at the problem of distinguishing between the authorized and the unauthorized shares.

One more figure and the picture for the time must stand as complete: Major Walter K. Tuller, big-business attorney and head of former Governor Richardson's "crime commission," is one of the half-dozen impeccable lawyers who are advising respectable citizens that they did no wrong in collecting what Receiver Scott calls "dirty money." As chairman of the crime commission he has urged upon the people and the legislature "reforms" of the criminal procedure which would have made possible convictions by a three-fourths jury verdict, given a trial judge the right to comment on the evidence as well as the law in a criminal case, reduced the defendant's number of peremptory challenges, and otherwise invaded the constitutional rights of American citizens.

Democracy is up against a real test in California.

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Canada's Jubilee

By J. A. STEVENSON

Ottawa, June 24

THE Canadian people will begin on July 1 a solemn celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of their Dominion. Attending the ceremonies will be a small band of men and women who witnessed the jubilations of 1867, and it is they who must possess the truest perspective of the immense changes wrought in the Dominion by the intervening sixty years. Confederation found Canada a country where three-fourths of its population of 3,300,000 souls were still engaged in a stern daily battle with the primeval wilderness. There were only two cities with over 50,000 inhabitants, and even these were trading centers with a sprinkling of struggling factories. Life was almost Arcadian in its simplicity, the tone of society was sober and equalitarian, and the political temper fiercely democratic. Five thousand dollars per annum was a princely income and great fortunes were unknown. Industry and economy were the sovereign virtues and the grim battle with nature had left little time for culture and the elegancies of life. But the qualities of enterprise and self-reliance had been highly developed, and once Confederation halted the racial and political feuds which had paralyzed the country for nearly forty years, the planning of economic developments which promised a larger measure of prosperity and opened the way for the amenities of civilization became possible.

Immense sums of public money were spent in providing transportation links like the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in equipping the newer territories with the physical machinery of civilization, but for thirty years after Confederation the growth of the Dominion was disappointingly slow. The census of 1891 showed a population of only 4,833,329 which meant that the country, despite a regular inflow of immigrants, had scarcely retained its natural increase and the West had but a meager sprinkling of population. Its settlement had to wait until the free homestead land of the United States had been exhausted, and this event coincided with the advent to power in 1896 of the Laurier Government, which adopted a vigorous immigration policy. Immediately the pace of development began to quicken, and despite the setback caused by the Great War, Canada's growth and general progress during the last thirty years have fully justified the dreams of the architects of Confederation.

It is true that the growth of Canada's population, which is today estimated at nine and one-half million souls, has fallen short of expectations, but this slow increase makes all the more impressive Canada's economic achievement. The American people did not face half the obstacles in providing the physical machinery for their part of the continent that the Canadian people have successfully surmounted in a parallel task. The 2,278 miles of railway in 1867 have now been expanded to 40,352, and no country in the world has as large railway mileage per capita. A string of fine, modern cities, with broad streets and every modern convenience, constitutes the nerve centers of the Dominion and the harnessing of the vast water-powers has both simplified the problems of domestic life and given a great stimulus to industrial development. The story of the material expansion which the Dominion has enjoyed is most simply told in the following figures:

	1867	1926
	(Million dollars)	
National Wealth (Estimated)	1,500	22,000
Federal Revenues	19	395
Foreign Trade	149	2,242
Assets of Chartered Banks	50	2,300
Produce of Field Crops	100	1,121
Produce of Dairies	15	241
Produce of Mines	4	240
Produce of Forests*	32	327
Manufacturing Production	221	2,948

Today Canada leads the world as an exporter of wheat, newsprint, nickel, and asbestos and her command of raw materials and water-power resources, which can cheapen the costs of the manufacturing processes, insures her steady industrial expansion. Her huge northern hinterland may be incapable of profitable cultivation, but evidence accumulates that its mineral resources have only been scratched and that it may yet prove the Dominion's richest fountain of wealth. Individual enterprise, as in the United States, has been responsible for much of this amazing economic development, but the Canadian people have never shared the fear of collectivist enterprises which prevails so strongly south of the Forty-ninth Parallel. Today the great state-owned system of the Canadian National Railways is providing the Canadian Pacific Railway with formidable competition; the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario, a child of Conservative politicians, has achieved a wonderful success in providing cheap light and power to almost one-third of the country's population; and the co-operative wheat pools of the West are working a veritable revolution in the marketing of grain. A people whose core consists of yeomen landholders could not fail to be fundamentally conservative in its outlook, but it is the conservativism of progress and not of stagnation.

But parallel with the material advancement has come a great improvement in standards of life and a widespread appreciation of the civilizing influences of education. Poverty and hardship are by no means unknown, but there is a widespread diffusion of comfort and well-being, and only in the United States do the working classes enjoy the same material comforts and range of pleasures. At the time of Confederation 20 per cent of the population were illiterate, but the proportion has now declined to less than 5 per cent. There were only two universities of any standing in 1867, but today there are at least a dozen, and Toronto University has more students on its rolls than any university in the British Empire. A distinctive native school of art, whose quality is recognized by foreign critics, is now flourishing in Toronto and elsewhere, and a new stirring of literary impulses is evidenced by the emergence of an authors' association with branches in every important city.

Equally momentous have been the changes in the political field. The British North America Act endowed

* Manufacturing and Forestry production figures are for 1925, but were exceeded last year.

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Canada with complete autonomy in domestic affairs, but the mother country still acted as guardian trustee in the field of international relations. However, bit by bit as the years rolled on, the responsibilities of this trusteeship have been whittled down as Canada grew in strength and confidence, and the Great War made inevitable the final emancipation from tutelage which was ratified by the constitutional report of the last Imperial Conference. Today, although certain legal limitations destined to be obliterated at no distant date still bar the claim to untrammeled sovereignty, Canada is for all practical purposes an independent self-governing nation; the Crown and the authority of the Imperial Privy Council survive as formal links, but the real binding ties with the motherland are the common heritage of political ideals and the common literature and traditions. The Dominion is now responsible for her own systems of defense, she has begun to create her own diplomatic service, and she sends in her own right representatives to the Assembly of the League of Nations.

In domestic politics the racial solidarity of the French-Canadian people, the most conservative element in the community, on the Liberal side has completely upset the old equilibrium and is responsible for many anomalies and confusions. Since the war, moreover, there has been a serious retrogression in political morality and no further evidence of it need be sought than in the sorrowful story of the customs and revenue scandals, still being investigated, which the Toronto *Globe*, a Liberal paper, describes as "the blackest chapter in the country's history." But the younger generation is in a questioning mood about the existing political dispensation and the presence of a group of thirty independent members in the House of Commons indicates that a substantial element of the population can no longer be herded within the corrals of the two historic parties.

Relations with the United States were never more cordial, and there has been no more notable change in the last sixty years than the relegation to limited circles of the inveterate distrust of the Republic which the United Empire Loyalists implanted in the Canadian mind. But few Canadians are yet persuaded that the maintenance on this great continent of two distinct political systems which afford valuable opportunities for comparison of their experiments and results is not a distinct benefit to its inhabitants.

"Al" Smith in Texas

By RUBY A. BLACK

THE village doctor, the village good-for-nothing, the village banker, the village editor, the former village mayor, who is now the county's representative in the Texas Legislature, have all come out for the nomination of "Al" Smith for President in 1928.

The rest of the 733 inhabitants of Thornton, Texas, over twenty-one years old holding poll-tax receipts will vote for the New York Governor if he is nominated. Governor Dan Moody even journeyed to New York this week with a delegation of 200 Texans, a committee of whom paid a call on New York's Governor.

This is significant news. Texas—and the rest of the South—is largely made up of towns like Thornton—towns that are Dry and Fundamentalist. The fact that leaders in such towns, several of which I have visited recently, are going over to the "Al" Smith camp is probably more significant than the recent switch of Albert Sidney Burleson and Thomas Watt Gregory, members of the last Democratic Cabinet, from McAdoo to Smith.

It is easy to believe that Gregory and Burleson and other Southern politicians are now for "Al" Smith just because they think he could be elected and the Democrats endowed with patronage once more. But not so Thornton and the hundreds of villages of which it is a symbol. They have nothing much to gain politically one way or another. A Democrat instead of a Republican would be appointed postmaster, and that is about the only political gravy they could even smell. Furthermore, the Southern "Republican" postmaster is usually a special brand of Republican—a "postmaster Republican." The town does not hold his politics against him if he is a good postmaster.

These people in Thornton are Dry and Anti-Catholic. One of the elders of a Thornton church says he does not like Catholics because they do not believe in Christ. That is typical of the knowledge the Anti-Catholics here have of the church to which Governor Smith belongs. Most of them here have been—or are—members of the Ku Klux Klan. G. W. Black, the ex-mayor, now a member of the Texas Legislature, while never a Klansman, has always been anti-Catholic. He always read the *Menace* and Tom Watson's diatribes against the Catholics. He did not tell me this. I have known it a long time. He is my father. Now Representative Black is for "Al" Smith for President.

When I last visited my native State two years ago nobody spoke a kind word for "Al" Smith except a lone anti-prohibitionist, who was always a thorn in the side of the respectable citizens of the village he inhabited.

Down in Austin it is the same way. The Wilson Postmaster General, Albert Sidney Burleson, now retired from politics and satisfactorily occupied with seeing the money roll in from oil royalties, is busy converting his Austin friends to "Al" Smith, arguing against religious prejudice, pointing out that Woodrow Wilson himself was opposed to the Volstead Act, so much opposed that he vetoed it—a fact which Dry Democrats seem to have forgotten until a few weeks ago.

Professors at the State university, newspapermen, cotton brokers, a city commissioner, the husband of a W.C.T.U. leader, all told me they had "begun to favor 'Al' Smith." The women are a little vague about it, but they seem ready to accept Smith, in spite of the doubts of Dry editorial writers who declare that women who fought for prohibition could not be induced to vote for a Wet candidate.

But over in the Capitol the youthful Governor, Dan Moody, is still troubled about "Al" Smith's wetness. He thinks, however, that the New York Governor's religion will not stand in his way. "Texas repudiated religious prejudice when it twice in succession elected governors who had fought the Ku Klux Klan," he points out.

Dan, as the whole State calls him, is not prepared to

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say whom he will support for the nomination. He says quickly enough that he, and the rest of Texas, will vote for "Al" Smith, once he is nominated.

In fact, the politicians are so sure of the staunchness of the Solid South that they are not even considering a Southern man for the Vice-Presidential nomination. They do not think such a sop need be thrown to the South to get it to support Governor Smith. Ohio or Indiana, they say down here, will name the running-mate for Smith. Or, perhaps, some Western State.

The Texas delegation to the Democratic National Convention will go instructed for Dan Moody for President. They all agree on that. Leading politicians declare that William Gibbs McAdoo has not the slightest chance of capturing the delegation this trip. The line-up at the last convention, controlled by Klansmen, cannot be duplicated at this convention, they assure you. McAdoo is just out of it.

Ritchie of Maryland and Donahey of Ohio they know little about, and they are not even curious. They dismiss Senator Carter Glass as too advanced in years, although he is Dry enough and loyal enough to Woodrow Wilson to suit them. Cordell Hull of Tennessee is mentioned, but rather fleetingly. Besides, Texas politicians do not believe any Southerner has a chance at the White House.

Senator James A. Reed of Missouri is not even considered here. Nobody ever voluntarily brings his name into the conversation. When it is mentioned by a newspaper reporter seeking opinions they all dismiss him with scant attention, with even less attention than they give McAdoo. Of course, he is as Wet as "Al" Smith. But what looms large in Texas minds is "Jim" Reed's behavior during—and following—the Wilson Administration. In fact, Texans hardly remember to point to Reed's wetness as a factor against him, although they mention it in the case of Smith. They remember only that "Jim" Reed did not do as Woodrow Wilson wanted him to do. They cannot forgive him for going against their President.

This state of mind seems to indicate that Texans are Democrats before they are Protestants or Prohibitionists. If they are Democrats first, and Protestant Prohibitionists second, they are probably subconsciously, if not consciously, preparing their minds to pick somebody who can be elected, regardless of prohibition or religion.

Their talk sounds like it.

"'Al' Smith is the only Democrat with a ghost of a show."

"Nobody but 'Al' Smith could get a run for his money."

"Does look like out of a hundred million Protestants, we might find some good man who could be elected President, but if we can't, why, we'll have to go for 'Al' Smith."

"I rather think 'Al' Smith would be the most available man. He is progressive, and a good executive. He might be elected, and I don't know of any other Democrat who could be."

These are typical quotations from Texas politicians, and from Texas merchants, farmers, druggists, lawyers, cotton men, newspapermen, oil men, university professors, realtors, and doctors, most of them prohibitionists, all of them Protestants.

This is reminiscent of the state of mind which elected Dan Moody governor. Texas wanted somebody to defeat the Fergusons. The word began to go around, "Dan's the man." On that slogan, the fighting and smiling young Attorney General polled the highest vote in the Texas primary, and that left him and "Ma" Ferguson to fight it out in the run-off primary. Many people who wanted to vote for other candidates went out in the first primary and voted for Dan Moody, simply because they were convinced that he was the man who could run the Fergusons out of Texas politics.

The question is, Will Texas act in exactly the same way in the Democratic convention? Will it line up under the slogan, "Al can beat Cal"? And will the rest of the South? Emily Newell Blair of Missouri, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, says the Democrats have been out of power long enough to stop fighting among themselves and pick a winner. Texas politicians are not on the whole so honestly practical. They have a tendency to say that the Democratic Party would rather be right than in power.

But they are certainly busy thinking in practical terms, as their conversation reveals. "The people of this part of the country," says the Governor, "are convinced that prohibition is right, and they are not going to help nominate anybody who will try to repeal or nullify the Eighteenth Amendment."

On the other hand, many politicians and ordinary Texans with whom I have talked recently have drawled, "Well, I used to be for prohibition, but now I don't know." And while they are in that state of mind, some Smith man comes around and points out that "Al" Smith, while opposed to prohibition, is in favor of enforcing laws as long as they are on the statute books, and that New York has never had a better executive than Governor Smith. Such talk may prove to be seed cast on very fertile ground. It is everyday conversation in Austin and Dallas, Thornton and Mexia.

Governor Smith's letter on the relation of his religion to his politics was greeted joyously in Texas by those who were anxiously seeking some excuse for overcoming their religious prejudice and hopping on the Smith bandwagon. There is much talk in Texas these days about Thomas Jefferson and religious freedom, about Jefferson Davis and the New York Catholic lawyer who offered to defend him against a threatened charge of treason, about Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, a Catholic, and his loyalty to States' Rights, about the staunchness of the New York Catholic Democrats in the dark days following the Civil War. Texas seems to feel that it is about time some New York Catholic Democrat was rewarded for the service Tammany performed for the party when it seemed that the party might die with the death of the Confederacy.

Then they sit around and count votes in the Electoral College—even while engaging in their "rather-be-right-than-President" talk. They count on the Dry West to be won by a water-power program—if Smith is the nominee. The Republicans have done nothing about Boulder Dam, they remind one another. Smith has a water-power record that could win the West, they believe. They will almost count Ohio or Indiana on the provision that a Dry from one of these States is nominated for Vice-President—to run with "Al" Smith.

They do not hesitate for one minute to count the whole South, and the industrial East. They count Massachusetts, still mindful of David Walsh's defeat of William Butler, Coolidge's own candidate in Coolidge's own State. They get enthusiastic and count some other New England State. Somehow, they cannot seem to count enough votes to put a Democrat in the White House, except when they are counting "Al" Smith votes.

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In the Driftway

ALL the Drifter's sympathy is with the small boys who, if the proposal of Clifford Goldsmith is accepted by Cleanliness Institute, will be lured into bathtubs cruelly renamed "The Spirit of Charles Lindbergh." There is no emotion more devout than a child's hero-worship, and parents should respect it. Instead, with deadly sureness in which one suspects a trace of jealousy, they drag the hero down to a plane of humdrum personal habits. Little Bertie hears every day about the hour when Napoleon is thought by Bertie's parents to have gone to bed, and knows more about the great Bonaparte's clean collars than his own valet probably did. Gradually the reverence turns under such treatment to bitter disillusion. There must be some small boys to whom Lindbergh is still a god bathed in heroic radiance; but how can this vision survive the installation of the Lindbergh tub? As for the special girls' bathtub which is to be called "The Beauty Parlor of Mary Pickford," it is another form of the burnt-crust propaganda which the Drifter himself passed on to his nieces before they were old enough to protect themselves. If they ate burnt crusts their hair would curl; if they take enough baths they will look like Mary Pickford.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not unqualifiedly for Cleanliness Institute anyway. His pride has not recovered from a devastating blast against American crudity by a British philosopher of note. This critic, after quoting Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, and no doubt *The Nation* itself about the sadder aspects of American self-expression, pictured contemptuously the slavish Yankee materialists who have nothing better to live for than a religion of exaggerated cleanliness. He could never bring himself to visit this preposterous country, Mr. Joad admitted proudly, but he had it on good authority that every American householder on showing visitors his home takes them first to the bathroom as a sort of shrine. When this outburst was shown him by a tolerant Englishman in a second-class railway carriage, the Drifter assured him of its falsity. To an Italian or even a Frenchman the Drifter would have made the best of it and tried to defend his country; but how could he face the scoured pink cheeks of an Englishman and say that Americans were cleaner and proud of it? He denied the slander. Now comes Cleanliness Institute to spoil the Drifter's reputation for even a fair degree of truthfulness.

* * * * *

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE is a new public welfare organization of national scope. The chairman of the Board of Directors has the appropriately cleanly name of Colgate. As for Clifford Goldsmith, who proposed the Lindbergh and Pickford bathtubs, he is described as an author of health epigrams. Like the heroine of the ballad burning to know "who writes the lovely mottoes that you find in cracker boxes," the Drifter always likes to pierce the veil that hides modest authors whose words are as famous as their names are obscure. Can he have found in Mr. Goldsmith the gifted author of "Four out of five" and "Leaves no telltale odor" and "Cleanliness is next to——" But no. Mr. Goldsmith could hardly be old enough for that.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Crushing Haiti

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: President Borno has been "reforming" our constitution. Twelve articles have been modified and thirteen suppressed, which amounts to the suppression of the constitution itself. All the principles on which modern government is based have been eliminated. There are no more constitutional guaranties for the freedom of the press, the jury, and popular election. Everything is left to the executive power, who, through the domesticated Council of State, now can enact all sorts of laws, without any fear that the Supreme Court will rule them unconstitutional. The Supreme Court itself has also been domesticated. The chief justice and the judges will be appointed by the President for five years instead of for life. Mr. Borno will be the only judge in the Republic of Haiti, the Supreme Court losing the right to declare a law contrary to the constitution. All the city councils are abolished, thus municipal life will be extinct in Haiti.

The most interesting feature of Borno's constitutional reform is that he can be reelected for a six-year third term. Thus he expects to remain fourteen years in power. And General Russell is returning to Haiti in September to organize the farcical plebiscite by which the Haitian people must ratify the constitutional reform of his pupil, Louis Borno.

Port au Prince, June 14 P. THOBY,
Administrateur Délégué, Union patriotique d'Haïti

Teachers—and Teachers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are two sides to this matter of restrictions on teachers. In the good old days when an anarchist movement existed, I mentioned to a friend that being an anarchist was a hindrance to my getting the more attractive position in the teaching field. She exclaimed against it as an outrage. I asked her, "Would you be willing to send your daughter to a convent to be educated?" She hesitated a second or two, and then said squarely, "No, I wouldn't." "Well, then," said I, "why should a parent who disbelieves in anarchism not object to putting his child under anarchist influences?"

If you think it outrageous that the habit of smoking tobacco should be an obstacle to a teacher's getting a job, are you sure that if you yourself had to select a teacher you would not be influenced by the knowledge that she was a persistent and incorrigible gum-chewer?

The evils of restrictions on teachers are undeniable, but it is also pretty steep to demand that a man should send his child to a teacher whose teaching he thinks is bad for the child, and pay the teacher real money for it. Neither will the problem be satisfactorily settled by saying that a teacher may have all the beliefs and habits he likes as long as he keeps them quiet. Had I a child to send to school, I would sooner send him to a man who would vigorously teach positive error—say John Roach Straton—than to a man who refrained from advocating his beliefs.

Ballard Vale, Mass., May 31 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

California Sterilization

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You say: "It is reported that in California alone 635 insane people have been sterilized." Up to January 1, 1927, 3,951 sterilizations had been performed in the State hospitals of California. See the *Journal of Social Hygiene*, May, 1927, page 258.

Ithaca, New York, June 4 CHARLES E. EDGERTON

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Mr. Sigman on the Garment Strike

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The fascinating communications in your issue of June 15, one from representatives of a Committee on Democracy in Trade Unions and the other from Mr. Louis Hyman, Left-Wing leader of the defunct Communist Joint Board of cloak, skirt, dress and reefer makers' unions, both vigorously dissenting from Mr. Stolberg's résumé of the situation, lead me to make a few observations. To the "impartial" experts of the committee on democracy I will not reply except to say that they lack Mr. Stolberg's ten years' familiarity with our organization, as well as his singular detachedness. They might have mentioned that I was among the first in our union to fight for proportional representation and have remarked that within this last year we had the disastrous general strike in New York, lasting six months, and that the remaining six months have been spent in rebuilding our New York organization after the Communist junket, which cost the union $3,500,000 and the workers a loss in wages of $30,000,000. Why, it was upon the motion of the Communists themselves in our General Executive Board that a referendum on proportional representation was postponed during the strike!

I can best reply to Mr. Hyman's statements by listing them and giving my version of them. To responsible readers of *The Nation* I am ready to throw open all official records of our union as witness to my statements.

Mr. Hyman says: The membership voted to strike for the demands in that year (1924). Instead of carrying out the order to strike, President Sigman presented the demands to a commission named by Governor Smith. *I say:* The general strike order, like all strike orders within our International, instructed officials of the union to call the strike if, in the officials' discretion, all amicable means had previously been exhausted.

Mr. Hyman says: When the commission reported, after two years, its terms were such as could not be accepted by the union, as President Sigman pointed out in many speeches and interviews. . . . Mr. Sigman has since reversed himself, in his efforts to find some excuse for getting rid of the opposition to his administration by the time-honored method of expulsion. *I say:* Before the strike, in April, 1926, I expressed the opinion before the General Executive Board and the New York Joint Board, that an unfavorable industrial condition existed and that the internal strength of the union was such as forbade a fight against all the elements of the industry at one time. But my recommendations were rejected, because to deal with the bosses on the basis of the Governor's commission's report would be "class collaboration," and this was distinctly against the orders received by the Communist leaders of our New York Joint Board from William Z. Foster's Trade Union Educational League, affiliated with the Communist Party. The general strike was called.

As against my recommendations made in the inner councils of our organization in April, 1926, Mr. Hyman quotes from an affidavit made by me in September, 1926, in a court document to fight an injunction obtained by the employers against us during the strike. Mr. Hyman has the ill grace to use against me a statement made by me during time of strike and against the common enemy! Why, when the Communists proved obdurate and insisted upon a strike, like all loyal trade unionists, I threw my lot in with them, and so did every union man, anti-Communists among them!

Mr. Hyman says: Mr. Stolberg's statement that "never in the history of American labor has a strike been more incompetently, irresponsibly, and wastefully managed" is both ridiculous and untrue. *I say:* Mr. Stolberg's figures are the most accurate obtainable since the Communists, to date, have given no audit, detailed or otherwise, of their expenditures.

Mr. Hyman says: Four of the most important of the eight (strike) committees were placed in the hands of the Right-Wing leaders. These were the finance, settlement, law, and out-of-town committees. *I say:* Mr. Abraham Baroff resigned in the first week of the seventeen-week strike as chairman of the finance committee because of ill health; Mr. Hyman signed all checks of this committee. The settlement committee was a rubber-stamp committee, being forced to settle on instructions from the organization committee, headed by a Communist. The law committee, while nominally headed by a non-Communist, had all expenditures approved by Mr. Hyman. All vouchers for expenditures by the out-of-town committee were forced to have the counter-signature of Joseph Levine of the Communist Party.

I may add: The mismanagement of the general strike began to be evident in the very first weeks of the strike, when the political interests of the Communist Party, rather than the economic welfare of the strikers and their families, were seen to be paramount. Only shop chairmen who were Communists were included in the General Strike Committee; union men acquainted with the city and the outlying districts were denied the privilege of serving; I was defeated as chairman of the General Strike Committee and, later, when scabbing became notoriously widespread and I offered to head the picket committee, I was turned down. Non-union production was never properly supervised and the strike soon settled down, not against the jobbers who were admittedly the evil of the industry, but against the small group of Industrial Council manufacturers. The details of the Communists' amazing incompetency, failure to realize almost elementary strategy in the conduct of a strike, their maneuver in sending back 16,000 workers to contractors' shops which worked only for jobbers against whom the strike was being conducted, their refusal to obtain a good early settlement of the strike, all these would take too much space to report.

We have, till now, scrupulously refrained from answering any of the nonsense emanating from the Communist camp. We have rested content with the certitude that the rank and file of our unions, as well as the broad masses of the labor movement, were well acquainted with the criminal fanaticism of the Communists and their faculty for destroying that which has been laboriously built up by the sacrifice of countless immigrant men and women. We make this single exception because we know there are many fine men and women among the readers of *The Nation*, sympathetic to labor, but perhaps unacquainted realistically with its struggles.

New York, June 16 M. SIGMAN,
President International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union

[In addition to Mr. Sigman's letter *The Nation* has received communications from both camps of the fur workers, from the cap-makers' union, and from various interested individuals. Interesting and important as many of these communications are, *The Nation's* space is limited and its field is wide; further letters on the subject cannot be printed.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

That Six-Cylindered Airman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for June 8 Abbe Niles quotes the verse concerning the dying airman, with the remark that, so far as known, it had never seen print before. As The Dying Aviator it is included in an anthology of humorous verse called "The Comic Muse," compiled by J. C. Squire, and published in London by William Collins Sons & Co., Ltd. Mr. Squire, in his anthology, includes several additional lines not given by your reviewer. The author of the verse is anonymous.

Detroit, June 7 D. P. SPENCER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read *The Nation* for years. But this is the first time I have ever scored a scoop on you. I printed the same variant, a trifle more variable, perhaps, of The Dying Airman in my column in the Cincinnati *Times-Star* on May 20.

Cincinnati, June 10 NIXSON DENTON

See Pages 27, 28, and iii

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Books and Music

Vigil

By ALLEN TATE

When you are dead and the frosty iron of laughter
Stupendously settles its pride upon your lips,
I will gather up the whispers you came after
When we first met, of immutable dissimulation.

If you are dead when the wind cries again
Over the bleak gables of an expected hour,
I will build a chapel out of the astonished pain
And wait for bells ringing in an empty tower.

Letter After a Visit

By HANIEL LONG

We walked along the leafless avenue
And you looped your arm through mine, and sang, and laughed,
And to avoid the cold, damp, sunless side of people's houses,
Led me across the street and into the sun,
And when that side grew cold, back again into the sun,
With a dance step and a funny story.
I held your arm tighter, understanding you at last,
Delighted to zigzag, zigzagging with the sun.

Did the Newspapers Make the World War?

Five Weeks: The Surge of Public Opinion on the Eve of the Great War. By Jonathan French Scott. The John Day Company. $2.50.

AMONG the few courageous writers who have dared to assault that most menacing of contemporary fetishes, obsessed nationalism and super-patriotism, Professor Scott must be assigned a leading place. In his "Patriots in the Making" (1916) and his "Menace of Nationalism in Education" (1926) he has provided us with highly illuminating surveys of the pernicious influence of patriotic education in the schools of Europe, giving special attention to the teaching of history. In the volume under review he has extended his researches to include an analysis of the influence of nationalism as it emerged through the newspaper opinion of Europe in the crucial days from June 28 to August 5, 1914.

Few topics connected with war responsibility offer potentially richer rewards to the investigator than a study of the influence of European journalism upon public opinion and official policies in the period from 1870 to 1914. We have considerable information with respect to the bribery of the French press between 1912 and 1914, thanks to the Bolshevik publications and the courage of *l'Humanité*, but this is only a speck in the ocean of corruption and incitement which existed in political journalism throughout the Western world. While we should like to have a monumental treatise on the part played by the press in bringing about the conditions which made the World War likely in 1914, we may be grateful for the labors of Professor Scott, who has made a careful and interesting summary of European press opinion during the crisis of 1914. He takes up the attitudes of the European papers during this period country by country—Austria, Germany, Russia, France, and England. In general he has performed the task in a conscientious, interesting, and informing manner. The book is a valuable and original contribution to the *Kriegsschuldfrage*.

As Professor Scott's book is in itself little more than a brief summary of newspaper opinion, it is obvious that we cannot in the space available present any adequate statement of the alignment of the European papers during this critical time. The essential facts seem to be the following: (1) The Serbian press was from the first preponderantly bellicose and arrogant, glorifying the assassination and emphasizing alleged Austrian oppression of the Serbs. (2) In Austria the press, with the notable exception of a few liberal papers, laid down an appropriate publicity barrage for the determination of the ministers to invade and punish Serbia, the assaults upon Serbia becoming much more intense after the sending of the Austrian ultimatum. (3) The German press was from the beginning inclined to hold Serbia responsible for the assassination of the Archduke, and to approve strong Austrian action against Serbia. There was, however, little or no sentiment for a general European war, the dominant hope being for the localization of the Austro-Serbian conflict. A strong minority favored deserting Austria rather than risking a general war. (4) The Russian press was vigorously and almost unanimously for intervention against Austria from the moment when the Russians received news of the nature of the Austrian ultimatum. (5) The French press, including many socialistic papers, was firm for standing resolutely with Russia in the crisis, though recognizing that it meant a European war. (6) In England there was much sympathy in papers of every complexion for Austria and equally decisive condemnation of Serbia. The majority of the Liberal Party organs, notably the *Manchester Guardian* and the London *Daily News*, were strong for neutrality until the end, but the Northcliffe papers clamored for intervention, particularly after the Austrian declaration of war on Serbia on July 28.

While fully recognizing the debt of gratitude under which Professor Scott has placed all students of war responsibility in this work, we must unqualifiedly reject his main thesis, which is that "In the surge of public opinion in the various countries, and not in the orders and telegrams of statesmen and diplomats, lies the fundamental explanation of the disastrous outcome of the crisis." In none of the European countries did the newspapers as a group take a more bellicose attitude than the governments. Nor did the newspapers advocate war-like measures in advance of the governmental determination upon such measures. There is no evidence whatever that any European government in 1914 based its fundamental decisions upon the state of press opinion, or, indeed, was in any important way influenced by newspaper articles or editorials. In England Grey, Crowe, and Nicolson threw their country into the war *against* the almost unanimous opposition of their party organs. No more eloquent or convincing argument for neutrality was written in 1914 than the famous editorial of A. G. Gardiner in the London *Daily News* for August 1. In France the government has been convicted of having, as in 1870, semi-officially stimulated bellicose and incendiary falsifications in the press, designed to incite the French public. This was notable as early as July 25, when Berthelot, Poincaré's henchman in the Foreign Office, caused a gravely distorted account of the pacific conversations between Bienvenu-Martin and Baron Schoen to be published in the *Echo de Paris* and the *Matin*. Professor Scott could hardly have taken the attitude he has toward the French press if he had read of the almost incredible distortions of facts and news sponsored by the government in 1914 and revealed with remarkable logic, fearlessness, lucidity, and factual accuracy in Demartial's "L'Évangile du Quai d'Orsai." And nothing could be more unlikely than that the Russian autocrats were swayed by the Russian papers in 1914. The government controlled most of the important papers; the majority of the Russians could not read; and many of them did not even know of the existence of Serbia.

There is no longer any case for the absolute inevitability

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of the war in 1914. If instead of Pachich, Sazonov, Poincaré, Berchtold, and Grey there had been in their offices Bogitschevitch, Kokovtsov, Caillaux, Tisza, and Morley, it is completely unthinkable that there could have been any European war after the murder of the Archduke on June 28, even granting that newspaper opinion had been exactly what it was in 1914. We may safely assume, however, that with pacifically inclined men in office the newspaper expressions would have been very different from what they were. Finally, before any dogmatic conclusions could be reached as to the influence of the newspapers in producing the war, it would be necessary to make a comparative study of newspaper opinion in those previous crises when war did not follow: in particular, the two Morocco crises and the Bosnian crisis of 1908.

Professor Scott would be ranked as a "moderate revisionist" in his views on war guilt, and his general attitude toward war responsibility is a civilized one. Yet there are a number of statements which should be corrected in a new edition. The Austrian declaration of war on Serbia did not "entail" the Russian mobilization unless one admits Russia's full right to aggression to defend her prestige. Sazonov's attitude on July 7, before the visit of Poincaré, cannot be taken as indicative of his orientation after July 20 or 24. It is incorrect to say that we have no proof that Grey's words and acts in 1914 had a decisive influence on Russian military measures. Nor is it true any longer to say that we do not have positive knowledge that the Serbian civil government was aware of the assassination plot before its execution and failed to warn Austria. These critical observations do not, however, detract seriously from a substantial, honest, and illuminating book which should be read sympathetically by every person interested in the great calamity of July, 1914.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Concordance to Poetry, 1927

Red Flag. By Lola Ridge. The Viking Press. $1.50.

THERE is something in the lashing power and sweep of Miss Ridge's verse that sounds pathetically out of key in the contemporary poetic scene. It is as if someone were chatting in a parlor in a tone adapted to an outdoor Socialist rally. Under such circumstances, genuine power is apt to reecho rhetorically, and a voice crying in the wilderness may seem like much ado about nothing. Yet the fault obviously does not lie with Miss Ridge. It simply indicates that our poetry, which spoke in discreetly modulated minor accents before the *vers libre* upheaval, has again assumed its earlier voice, and Miss Ridge—like many another of our poets—is not yet aware of it. It is a fact, nevertheless, and is being increasingly acknowledged in practice if not in theory; and since contemporary poetry is largely colored by it, poetic criticism would do well to take cognizance of it. That it has not yet done so is due to a fundamental misconception of a bit of recent literary history.

When the tide of modern realism—which forcefully right-about-faced European literature from romancing over the past to an active participation in the present—belatedly reached these shores, it burst through the most vulnerable (because least commercialized) section of our literature, poetry. The humble Muse, which was then serving in a minor capacity as magazine filler-in, having little to lose, welcomed the invasion, and before long found itself hailed by default as "the major American art." To its credit it responded nobly, and, shouldering the burden of a standpat fiction and drama on its slender back, launched into a vigorous campaign for the new order. Which was all too successful. For fiction and drama soon saw the light, and with the zeal of fresh converts rushed to the front and brushed poetry respectfully aside. This was to be expected. Poetry is no longer as living a language as it was when the world's thought and emotion chose it as a favorite channel. In no contemporary modern literature has poetry remained dominant in the face of a vigorous drama or fiction, and when American drama and fiction woke up, American poetry likewise gave ground. Thereafter a delicate minor note crept into our poetry, which, despite its superior polish and sophistication, was actually an unconscious adaptation to a smaller, more intimate audience.

There are, of course, a few who can afford to ignore the contemporary drift—poets who are already so classic that their work is not subject to current standards. But it is a mistake to confuse the universal respect with which their work is received with the dynamic interest aroused by their prose contemporaries or their own earlier, timelier collections. If Miss Ridge's remarkable first volume, "The Ghetto," had appeared just a few years earlier, she might have been among those fortunate ones. As it is, she has to go to school with the newcomers and learn to walk softly and carry a small but prying stick. That this can be a fascinating occupation much of recent poetry attests. On the wayside, off the main-traveled literary highways, the poet may uncover secrets unnoticed otherwise, and catch fleeting glimpses of shy wild truths. This is a thesis which can be proved from Miss Ridge's latest volume, in which her most ambitious attempts fail to lift her from the ground; whereas almost every line of her more fragmentary notations is the take-off of a beautiful and agile fancy.

ALTER BRODY

Antaeus

Bread and Fire. By Charles Rumford Walker. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE larger and more successful portion of this unusual first novel seems to consist of a record of things seen inside two related but contrasting spheres of human activity; first in that of preparation for political action, of theory straining to become tangible fact; and then in that of present reality, of the struggle for individual existence in which theories find their roots. Specifically, the hero, Harris Burnham, finds himself serving as managing editor of a statistical weekly supported by a tiny ambitious radical party, and is gradually drawn into the latter's councils. With the disillusionment of its collapse he parachutes to earth again, the earth of first principles, the earth of which it was said that "out of it cometh bread, and under it is turned up as it were fire"; to that individual struggle which has been mentioned, as it manifests itself in a great copper mill. In the end Antaeus is ready once more to rise; for just what new campaigns one is not told.

The great war has been won and the peace duly appointed, yet things about and under the world are arranging and disarranging themselves with apparent obliviousness or indifference to these facts. To the young, intelligent, and eternally curious Burnham, watching the papers and seeking solid ground somewhere, it occurs suddenly that there is none; that

> For a few years the world will contain a molten charge like a steel furnace. . . . Anything can be done to the mixture by adding carbon or manganese or sulphur. But in five years at the outside it will be poured off into new molds.

Such a discovery calls naturally for such action as is open to him while time remains; it motivates the extension of his interest from his immediate job on the *Economic Weekly* to earnest participation in the activities of the Social Policy Group. This episode, in view of its denouement, is remarkable for the self-control with which the author sticks to facts and falls neither to partisan ranting on the one hand nor to disappointed ridicule or denunciation on the other. The group, it transpires, is as mad as such groups run: a centrifugal conglomeration of assorted obsessions. An anarchist who would save one law, "prohibition"; a communist, expelled from the party for a pacifism which logically rejects The Revolution itself; another pacifist who takes pride in his war service; a Catholic advocate and

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practitioner of free love; an actual worker who knows what he wants and intends to have it, in contrast with the majority of intellectuals who, typically, can argue without excessive heat or consciousness of absurdity on the question who is the most radical. The madness is in the conjunction of cross-purposes; a group craziness, since, whatever may come of the beliefs of any unit, the group as such must surely disintegrate. That it does, and Burnham, whose young inquisitiveness, enthusiasm, and hero-worship have drawn him into it, passes no judgments as he sees the signs of dissolution, but sadly seeks the factory.

There, among the raw materials of unease, one feels the writer less and what he sees about him more; because, perhaps, he feels things here are more important than the impression they have made on any observer. At the same time, whenever Mr. Walker's unpretentious prose touches unregarded human beings in their fight against odds, and equally when it treats of engines, of furnaces, and of hard physical labor as something done and felt, not merely watched or valued in terms of production, it takes on special power and color. The laborers and the officials in the mill stand out as do no other characters in the book. The heroine, despite the thought that went to making her portrait, is a shadow beside the charcoal sketches of Halsey, Kreck, and Kenwick. Nothing in these pages is so momentous as the instant when the imminent and long-preparing strike dies unborn, as a single yellow slip tells the pay-day line that unemployment has set in. Nothing in the book is so moving as the incidents that follow—in particular, the story, a brief masterpiece, of the hooker, Rakhofsky.

There is a love story, not a perfunctory one, and yet one whose *ratio decidendi* the reviewer confessedly finds obscure, and which he feels as a recurring distraction from the business on hand. Taking this love story to be a work of creative imagination rather than of ruminative memory, I believe, not that the author would best take to reporting, but that the humanitarian observer and messenger in him on the one hand and the energetic and adventurous physical man on the other have in him the advantage over the closeted romancer. It is difficult to predict the exact nature of Mr. Walker's future. He is interested in politics, in economics, in social theory, in work, and in the living people whom he meets, and, instinctively, walks around and studies. He is more interested in these than in the fabrication of a plot. Between them his choice may not yet have been made. He has, and will increasingly acquire, under the spur of curiosity and concern, practical knowledge on subjects which are names only to the average novelist; he will wish to act on that knowledge, and to impart it. Too much in this country active men of affairs take up the pen only in time for the valedictory reminiscences and scholars write only to inform each other, while novelists, save for occasional sallies forth in conscious search of material, sit in a vacuum and work their heads. It is probable that Mr. Walker will continue both to do and to write, and the prospect this offers is a pleasant one. He has balance, tolerance, and imagination, and he exhibits the uncommon combination of a tough mind and a tender heart.

ABBE NILES

An Outline of Socialism

A History of Socialist Thought. By Harry W. Laidler. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.50.

TO the outlines of history, science, and religion Dr. Laidler adds the outline of socialism; starting with Isaiah and ending with Zinoviev. It is a careful, thorough, and withal a dramatic outline. Before us passes the great procession of the world's idealists and dreamers—the divine fools of the ages, and some of the wisest men that ever lived. What a galaxy it is of those who have glimpsed the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth—Plato, Savonarola, Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Campanella, Andreae, Saint Simon, Fourier, Proudhon, Coleridge, Robert Owen, Emerson, Bellamy, William Morris, Wells.

Against the flaming dreams of the Utopians is set the relentless logic of Marx and Engels, the Communist Manifesto, and the revolutions of '48. Here the spirit of Utopia seeks to find practical expression in a world of behaving men and women, with results dire, terrible, and beautiful. The clash of what is with what might be is set forth in all its absurdity and splendor.

We go on to the super-logic of the Fabians, with the biggest lump of victual in that stew—the rotund figure of Sidney Webb. And so to Bernstein and the revisionists in Germany; to syndicalism, philosophic anarchism, guild socialism, and at last to the stark realities of the Russian revolution and the living, breathing dictatorship of the proletariat over 150 millions of human beings.

Dr. Laidler has no ax to grind. He is the scholar, not the propagandist. On a broad canvas he has given us the history of one of the most poignant dreams which ever have beset mankind. And whether that dream shall ever come permanently to earth only the gods may tell.

But to those gods all who care beyond tomorrow's porridge and tomorrow's rent must pray.

STUART CHASE

Toward a Revaluation

The Ingenious Hidalgo Miguel Cervantes. By Han Ryner. Translated by J. H. Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

THE spectacle of Cervantes—a man trying to lift himself above the mediocrity and suicidal limitations of his day and people—has the fascination of the deepest tragedy. Looked at from the position of intellectual and moral freedom we enjoy today, it may be hard to understand. One must dig a little into that unfortunate period which the Spaniards call their Golden Age; one must realize fully the incubus which then held genius to the mat, before one begins to gain an inkling into its real meaning. Compare the physical struggle of Cervantes for survival with the smug complacency of Lope de Vega and his followers and their supine surrender to popular values and taste; Lope belonged to that peculiar kind of talented mediocrity which finds ambient circumstances always good enough. Compare it even with the partial maladjustment of Quevedo, who was at bottom a conformist. Only through such comparisons will we arrive at an understanding of the meaning of Cervantes's tragedy.

It is only recently, thanks to Américo Castro's book on Cervantes, that we are beginning to realize the full reach of his powers, the thoroughly protestant grain of his temper. Enough has been unearthed already to enable one to hazard the opinion—for which we are not yet fully prepared, perhaps—that, viewed in the light of these discoveries, Cervantes was a gloriously frustrated genius. He never quite dared to express himself openly, as one may suppose he would have wanted to. The subterfuges he had to make use of in no small way prevented a full development of his talents. And he was also frustrated, because the drama which Lope made popular—as Mr. Ryner suggests—blocked the way for the development of a tragic drama, capable of competing with the Elizabethan, which Cervantes could have perhaps created. That Cervantes was a great enough dramatic artist to do for Spain as much as Marlowe did for England; that Lope or any of his followers could not equal Cervantes in intellectual depth or artistic skill, however much Lope may have surpassed him in lyric power, Tirso in wit and verve, and Calderón in fantasy, one may easily find out not only from a study of his great works but even from a glance into his minor work, his *entremeces*.

The question is, of course, much more complicated than one can indicate in a short space. Before we can attempt a just evaluation of Cervantes a great deal of traditional cant and prejudice must be cleared off. As long as scholars persist in finding in Lope the *summa* of all excellence, and critics continue—in the main, for one should remember the Azorín of pre-aca-

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demic days—to repeat the old platitudes, little will be gained, not only toward a just evaluation of Cervantes but also toward an evaluation of the whole literature of his day. Meanwhile, books like the present are exceedingly useful because they help in the preliminary work of clearing the ground. As a fictionized biography Mr. Ryner's book has also intrinsic merit. Happily devoid of the pedantry of erudition, yet containing valuable information, it introduces to a wide public the figure of one of the world's geniuses, as little known as he is badly understood. Although a little overdone in certain respects—for one may doubt whether Cervantes was a conscious hater of the Catholic church, as well as altogether free from the jingoism of his day—the beautifully tragic figure of old Cervantes, protesting ironically and serenely in spite of untoward circumstances, when he could have easily arrived at prosperity through boot-licking, as everybody else did in his day, emerges vividly from these pages.

ELISEO VIVAS

Darkening Our Lightness

The Story of Music. By Paul Bekker. W. W. Norton. $3.50.
Terpander, or Music and the Future. By Edward J. Dent. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

BEKKER'S purpose is to acquaint the layman with the changes in music and their causes. But I must repeat that the layman can only misunderstand a verbal account. For the connotation of a word—a word that refers to this procedure in music or to that characteristic of some composer's music—is as wide as its denotation, as the examples of the procedure or quality which the reader knows. To the layman, then, the word conveys no meaning, or an incorrect one; and to learn its correct meaning he must hear its examples. But having heard these, he need not do anything more. For one can be satisfied with the *what* of an art and ignore the *why;* one can enjoy the final artistic products and not worry about what produced them. And if one wants to know their relations to one another—including causal relations, if any—one does best, again, merely to listen. For the final musical products contain within themselves both that which distinguishes them from one another and whatever relates them, and do *not* contain what does not belong.

All this to explain and justify my belief that Bekker should have given a series of concerts. Instead, he has chosen the spoken and written word, one source of confusion; and to this he adds a passion for causes where often no cause exists, and an insistence that these causes be conditions imposed by human life and thought. We get, then, to account for the series of musical products, a series of external causes; and the two interact somewhat as follows: the causes, as the music sprawls about, become tortuous, obscure (hence at first glance impressive), and improbable when not downright absurd; and the music, in order that it be governed by the causes, is conceived of in such a way as often to be unrecognizable, even to one who is familiar with it, leave alone one who is not. Thus do obvious sensitiveness and intellectual power defeat themselves and each other.

What Bekker wants to establish above all is the falseness of the idea of improvement in the forms of art, as distinguished from mere change. It is not merely that we cannot judge what we are accustomed to regarding as primitive forms of music because we do not know what they sounded like; but that music is a product of human creative energy, and that "men have been men at all times, at least as clever, at least as talented and as inventive as ourselves"; hence that the product must at all times have been equal in value to our own. And "since the constructive forces always remain the same, since nothing can be added or lost, it follows that the total value of the result must always remain the same, too." Strictly spoken, and, strictly speaking, true; but for practical purposes most of us will continue to do with less than strictness.

Mr. Dent, for example, is also concerned over the fact that peoples who we know were highly susceptible to the power of sound and "at the same time consummately accomplished in the other arts should have left behind them an art of music which we can only regard as crude and primitive." Much of it has, he concedes, disappeared into silence; but suppose it had been preserved, then the question arises—"Is a work of art a complete and finite thing, beautiful when it left its maker's hand, beautiful now and for ever; or is it frankly transitory, a momentary expression of a momentary experience, speaking as a rule only to those who belong to the same generation?" What I take to be Mr. Dent's answer—"Music is of all the arts the most subject to change . . . the most transitory"—I interpret as an acceptance of the second alternative. I am not sure, because Mr. Dent's unordered, unintegrated prose does not indicate clearly the patterns of his ideas. I can, then, testify to the shrewdness and discernment of many individual statements; but I can only surmise that collectively they outline changes in the past of a changing art in order to reconcile us to further changes which must perplex when they do not outrage us.

B. H. HAGGIN

Book in Brief

Does Prohibition Work? By Martha Bensley Bruère. Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

Mrs. Bruère's determination to keep her study free from the underbrush of figures is easy to understand. But there are some for whom a morass of conflicting opinions makes even more difficult going and for whom an occasional dry plank in the way of actual figures would be a cause for gratitude. "Does prohibition work?" Yes and no, comes the answer from the 193 reports submitted by social workers from all over the country. Here and there it works, and that depends. Mrs. Bruère concludes that it does work "wherever there is a Nordic-American population which for several generations has not been in close contact with the newer immigrations or the cosmopolitanism of the great cities." She holds that factors of importance to the problem are our great national prosperity and the new work of women. The final paragraph of the book appears to imply a tentative affirmative to the title. Reading the book reinforces the inclination of this reviewer toward a tentative no.

The Golden Complex: A Defense of Inferiority. By Lee Wilson Dodd. The John Day Company. $1.75.

As Mr. Dodd launches his essay in literary psychology in a mood of pleasantry, his thesis need not be taken too seriously, either as stimulation or as conclusion. But for all his banter, he has a thesis; and still better, a wholesome perspective which a sense of humor commonly confers. He wishes to save the complex from the stain of inferiority and move it to the place of advantage. It isn't a leaden drag but a golden spur. He centers the discussion about the case of Byron, whose lame foot was the stimulus to make him a courageous athlete—"a master horseman, a dead shot, the best swimmer in England"—and, with the assurance thus gained, to make him speak and act notably as a lover, poet, and patriot. And he is only one of many who has converted a handicap into a ladder. The "complex" is a Freudian term, but the "inferiority" comes from Adler, who makes it the corner-stone of an entire psychology, and regards its removal as the first step toward normality. Mr. Dodd's suggestive and altogether agreeable contribution is a welcome correction of Dr. Adler's doctrine in its extreme form, as well as a skit about Freudianism that should induce a more rational attitude toward it than commonly prevails. Whether a handicap produces a sense of inferiority and induces a complex, or conduces to a heroic resolve to achievement despite it, depends upon the type of nervous constitution upon which it happens to be grafted. Adler makes it the keystone of character. It is far more likely that it is just one of many units that together make a human mosaic—the design often vague and the

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color-scheme dull. Mr. Dodd cites a saying of Oscar Wilde that summarizes the matter: "The more one analyzes people, the more all reasons for analysis disappear. Sooner or later, one comes to that dreadful universal thing called human nature."

Balbus, or the Future of Architecture. By Christian Barman. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

To deny a part either to technique or to material in developing architectural form, as Mr. Barman does, and to discover as the chief cause of cube building the emancipation of woman and the consequent rise of the department store is a *tour de force* of no mean order; but it is not sound criticism. But Mr. Barman's analysis of traffic and its development of towns, and, eventually, of zoning for height, is clear and dynamic. Agreeable and stimulating it is, also, to have public attention called to essential changes in architectural thinking and the losses entailed when one builds, as one is forced today, for inclosed cubic feet alone instead of piece by piece for separate functions that thus find expression in the resultant form. An amusing book, but a book whose correct conclusions are dimmed rather than enforced by a mist of smart flippancy.

A General Theory of Value. By Ralph Barton Perry. Longmans, Green and Company. $6.

A theory which makes value the function of interest and analyzes interest in terms of the current jargon of the behavioristic psychology. This volume of 700 pages is an elaborate formulation of a simple assumption, intricately expanded by the device of a speciously specific nomenclature which confuses rather than clarifies. As a compilation and detailed report of psychological hypotheses and phenomena relevant to the stated thesis, and as an examination of alternative ethics, Professor Perry's ample exposition may have value for those who are interested in the by-products of a behavioristic approach to a general theory of the moral judgment.

Psychology: A Simplification. By Lloyd Ring Coleman and Saxe Commins. Boni and Liveright. $3.

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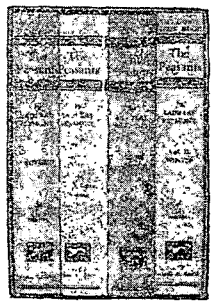

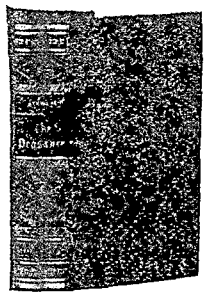

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person who wishes to keep in touch with what is going on in Yucatan—and every year the work progresses—Mr. Gann's annual is the up-to-date and accessible source of information.

Music

Some German Operatic Impressions

IF a cat may look at a king, surely a music critic may look at a Theater Exhibition. And certainly the one just opened at Magdeburg—the most complete of its kind ever attempted—drives home a few homely truths about operatic production. For instance, one follows the German theater from its birth in the medieval church to its present-day return; and sees its development from the crude naivete of the first to the sophisticated simplicity of the second. On the way one passes the mass of detail that gradually accumulated with the invention of scenic devices, only to be again discarded as lighting takes the place of literal fact. Then while one is still marveling at this evolution from bare boards to bare boards, one comes to models for Wagner's "Ring." They are models of the most approved settings as used in Bayreuth, and they are dated 1895. In every respect they could be models of those used everywhere in 1927. Only from Basel does a protest come. There, for the last few years, it seems, "The Ring" has been given on a stage conspicuous for the absence of Valkyrie rocks, and distinguished mainly by what it suggests through line and lighting. But this protest has been followed by no others, and seems to have created no great stir.

For thirty-two years, then, Wagnerian production has remained static. Even the acting has resolved into postures and meaningless gestures. And all this has come about, not because Wagner willed it so but because music critics use their ears but not their eyes. The result is that not only Wagner but all opera has suffered from it. The Staatsoper in Berlin, for instance, has revived "La Forza del Destino" after forty years, and is giving some fine musical performances of it under Leo Blech. One could not ask for a more golden quality of voice than the barytone of Heinrich Schlusnus, or a finer musical artistry than that of Gertrud Bindernagel, who has a superb dramatic soprano as true as her art. But of stagecraft, on the part either of singers or of producer, there was little. The world over, opera houses are spending thousands of dollars annually for elaborate and unnecessary scenery, while the press devotes columns of praise to its elaborateness and expensiveness, and ignores, for instance, the helpless wanderings of the chorus. Opera, we are told by impresarios, is a show; and yet most music critics never get beyond the musical half. Small wonder, then, that the other side has gone to pot!

There are, of course, exceptions to this kind of production. One of these is at the Leipzig Opera, where the stage director, Walther Brügmann, not only can design and stage a new opera like Krenek's "Johnny Spielt's Auf," which requires many scenes, for fifteen thousand marks (between three and four thousand dollars) but can make actors out of his singers. Where Ravel's last opera, "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," received the most fantastic yet simple settings, Synge's "Riders to the Sea," which Rabaud has set to music, was played with a poignancy of feeling and economy of gesture so sincere and so technically sure that one forgot Rabaud's bad music in the tragedy of the text. As for the audience, it paid the best tribute by remaining silent for several seconds after the curtain fell.

Perhaps the secret of Walter Brügmann's remarkable results is that he was once an actor himself. Also, out of theater hours he offers instruction in the technic of acting to principals and choruses alike, and free of charge. All, needless to say, respond. Nevertheless, such a director is an exception in our opera houses. If one does not believe this, one has only to go to Magdeburg to prove it.

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International Relations Section

The Necessity of Free Trade

By EARL BEAUCHAMP

London, June 15

FEW Englishmen can pretend to say anything upon the fiscal controversy in the United States which can be of real value to the people of America. The best that we can hope to do is to expound the position of Great Britain, explain the reasons why in our opinion conditions here make the policy of free trade vital for our prosperity, and apply those conditions, in so far as they can be made to apply, to the United States.

The dominant fact here is the denseness of our population, which makes it impossible for us to produce food necessary for the daily sustenance of more than a fraction of our people. We must buy it elsewhere, and the only way in which we can save ourselves from starvation is by selling our manufactures abroad to pay for it. In the face of fierce competition the best hope for our success lies in the production of goods not only better but cheaper than those of our trade rivals. Into the element of cost enters naturally that of the workman, and the more that we can reduce the cost of his living the better satisfied he will be. Any tariff upon the foodstuffs and other goods coming into this country must raise their price. That is indeed its avowed object, and we are bound, therefore, in order to reduce the cost of living, to abolish, or to reduce to their very lowest, these tariffs which would raise the price of goods to the consumer.

Many of us envy often enough the happier conditions of other countries, such as the United States, which are able to produce within their own borders everything—or nearly everything—they require both for home consumption and also as raw material for their industries. In this last respect we are in the same position as we are in with regard to food. With the exception of coal, of which we are able to export considerable quantities, there is no surplus raw material which we can send to other countries; and we are thrown back of necessity upon the importation of other materials, either raw or partly manufactured, which, after we have passed them through our factories, we are able to export in exchange for food and raw material. Here is the basis of free-trade theory.

But there are many arguments coming to us from protectionists which we have to meet. Goods coming into this country are not paid for by gold, but by the export of other goods. The more, therefore, that we import, the more employment there must be for the people of this country. Other nations do not send us goods for nothing. They all have to be paid for and high imports, therefore, normally coincide with low figures of unemployment. This is our answer to those who speak of the economic necessity of buying British goods. By all means let us buy British goods if they are cheap and of high quality. None the less, the purchase of foreign goods involves the employment of British labor to make the goods which are exported to pay for the foreign articles we buy; and the working classes, therefore, benefit indirectly by the imports of foreign goods.

Here lies the answer to those who clamor in this country for a duty upon dumped goods. Our answer is threefold: In the first place, to keep them out would not prevent these goods from going into other countries. They would still be made, and we should find them still competing with British goods in other parts of the world. In the second place, these goods generally come from countries which suffer from a high protective system, and where the wages of the workman are so low as to compare unfavorably with those in Great Britain. This fact is hardly likely to encourage our people to adopt a similar system. In the third place, whether dumped or no, these goods do demand a return of equal value, thus giving employment to our own people. If indeed it is ever found that there is a determined attempt on the part of some country to kill some particular trade by a progress of dumping, there is always a remedy open to us. It has, however, never yet been proved that there has ever been anything of the kind, and the dumping which has taken place has always been in the ordinary course of business. Least of all does it lie with us, who are the biggest dumpers in the world, to take measures to alter this particular method of trading.

At past elections, whenever protection has been the main issue, the electorate of Great Britain has unhesitatingly given its verdict for free trade. A large part of the decisive victory of the Liberal Party in 1906 was due to the tariff-reform campaign of Mr. Chamberlain, and in 1913, when Mr. Baldwin went to the country to ask permission to use protection as a cure for unemployment, he met with an answer as decisive. Free traders have hitherto been able to rely upon the experience of this country during the hungry forties, and there are men and women still alive who have heard of those days from their fathers and mothers. This influence, however, has passed away, and the theoretical argument has somewhat lost its effect. We are obliged to rely now rather upon practical arguments against protection, and to point out how little the various measures upon which we have already embarked have really benefited this country. Beaten once and again in frontal attack upon free trade, the Conservative Party has introduced several other measures by which flank attacks have had some success in breaking down our free-trade defense. Imperial preference, safeguarding duties, key industries duties, and McKenna duties have all of them secured some measure of support, rather on political than on economic grounds.

Spasmodic attempts have indeed been made at different periods to reintroduce the system of protection abolished by us in 1846. Lord Randolph Churchill in 1885 talked much about free trade as the antithesis to fair trade. However, this like many other attempts broke down upon a difficulty generally recognized by politicians, that an urban population, which in this country is of supreme importance, will never tolerate any measure of protection which can possibly increase the price of its food. The agricultural community, on the other hand, naturally refuses to indorse a system which by protecting important manufactures will increase the price of the goods which they have to buy, while the price of the goods which they have to sell remains the same. It is a dilemma from which there is no escape.

Imperial preference has many followers, including those who would wish to see a British Zollverein. The advocates of such a system, however, exist only in Great Britain. In the self-governing Dominions there never has been any response to suggestions of this kind. The fiscal systems in Canada and Australia (to name only two) are

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highly protective; and though in many cases the duties against British goods are slightly lower than those which are paid on goods coming from other countries, they have been sufficiently high to prevent rivalry of equal terms between the goods produced inside and outside the barrier. When analyzed, the figures become ridiculous from any preferential point of view. Thus the average duty collected on British goods going into Canada in 1925 was 18.2 per cent, while the average duty upon United States goods was 13 per cent, and on all foreign goods was 15.1 per cent. Imperial preference in fact is little better than a sham and a pretense, rejected in practice by the self-governing Dominions whose assent to any policy of the kind is essential. In India even, which annually imports £90,000,000 worth of British goods, the same tendency can be seen. Under the greater measure of self-government which India now enjoys it is imposing higher and higher duties on British goods. Our Government has abstained from entering any objection to these tariffs.

For the moment the safeguarding of industries has occupied more attention than any other of these various measures. Free traders have never denied the possibility of benefiting one particular trade by protecting it, but we have always pointed out the difficulties of stopping speed on the slippery slope. There is a story of a convalescent hospital which illustrates the point. A Scotchman alone of all the other patients in the ward seemed to get no better, and a kindly doctor bethought himself of a possible cure. He suggested to Donald that the sights and sounds of his native land might help to restore his spirits and help his recovery. Donald agreed, and arrangements were made for a Highlander in kilts and with bagpipes complete to spend the afternoon in the ward playing the national airs. Next day the doctor, making inquiries after Donald, found that he indeed was better but that all the other patients in the hospital were dead. So may the safeguarding of one industry hurt many others. Thus the protection of leather may help manufacturers of leather, but it will injure those who make up leather into leather goods. The protection of motor buses may help manufacturers of motor buses, but it will have its effect upon the price of the tickets paid for by those who use the cars. So also will duties upon articles of domestic consumption raise the cost of living to the consumer, even though they assist the manufacturer.

Protection for the key industries, i.e., the industries which make goods held to be necessary to national security, is in our opinion equally difficult to justify. A hundred years ago the manufacture of sails and black gunpowder may have been key industries; but as time goes on the connotation of the term key industries changes, and it would be difficult to think that in the unfortunate event of another war we should not once more find that goods, important to some branch of our fighting services, could not be obtained abroad. However much our free-trade system has been broken into in these respects, the people of this country remain at heart firmly convinced of its merits. Manufacturers who are slack naturally rely upon a tariff to make good their own deficiencies, but the principles of the trade unions of this country remain sound upon this question; though the Socialist Party, which follows to a logical conclusion socialist theories of manufacture and distribution, is naturally to be found to some extent supporting a system of protection.

In regard to the McKenna duties, there is little to say, although free traders are sore about them. They were introduced during the war with the object of economizing space in our merchant ships—or that at any rate was the reason given for their imposition. The political leaders of both wings of the coalition assured the country that they were merely temporary duties and that they would be removed at the conclusion of the war. In spite of this promise they have been maintained and even added to, with the exception of twelve months during which they were abolished by Mr. Snowden. It is very difficult to see how the duty of 33 1/3 per cent upon Swiss clocks and watches can be justified today by arguments which were used in 1916.

Our free-trade system, which it must be remembered was instituted after we had tried protection and found it a hindrance to our advance in prosperity, has as its object the securing of the maximum trade possible by refusing to encourage the establishment of economic barriers to imports; the result is facilities to cheap production, conducing to the maintenance of a large export trade to pay for those imports.

So far I have only dealt with economic and fiscal conditions peculiar to our country; but the question has a far wider aspect than the purely national one. This has been well pointed out in the most important plea issued last year [printed in the International Relations Section of *The Nation*, November 3, 1926], and signed by many prominent bankers and industrialists not only in Europe but in the United States. The object of this plea is merely to restate and reinforce the truism that we are all members one of another. The document said in part:

> Trade is not war, but a process of exchange; in time of peace our neighbors are our customers. If we check their dealings, their power to pay their debts diminishes, and their power to purchase our goods is reduced. Restricted imports involve restricted exports, and no nation can afford to lose its export trade.

The plea recorded the conviction of its signatories that "the establishment of economic freedom is the best hope of restoring the commerce and the credit of the world," and that "the breaking down of economic barriers is the surest remedy for the stagnation that exists." It has been suggested that the American signatories signed it under the impression that the economic truths it contained applied exclusively to European conditions. I cannot believe that the contention is seriously maintained that economic law which is sound when applied to Europe does not equally apply to American conditions. Surely the law, for it is a law, that the diminution of imports by tariff and other restrictions must result in diminished exports obtains in the case of the United States just as unerringly as it does all over the rest of the world. Indeed it was in obedience to that law that America, having tried the policy of inter-State restriction and found it a costly failure, instituted State federation, and so secured the greatest free-trading area in the whole world. The problems of maintaining and increasing international trade and commerce, of paying and receiving international debts, which are now receiving so much attention in America, are the very same problems which are agitating us here in Europe, and for which the plea suggests the "surest" solution. If, as its signatories maintain, the proposed solution is economically sound as regards our European side of these problems, how can it be maintained that its principles have no application to the complementary problems of the United States?

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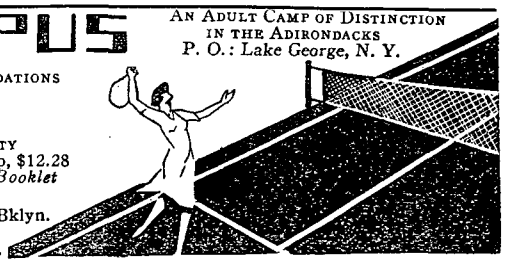

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